

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TIMOTHY TWIG, Esq.
IN A
SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

By JOSEPH MOSER,

AUTHOR OF

LUCIFER AND MAMMON, TURKISH TALES,
THOUGHTS UPON CASH CREDIT AND COUNTRY BANKS,
&c. &c. &c.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TIMOTHY TWIG, Esq.

LETTER XIX.

JOHN HARROW

TO

MRS. MORGAN,
HOUSEKEEPER, AT EIGNE.

GRUMBLING—SECRECY—SPLENDOUR—HOUSEKEEPING.

I THINK there is nothing but plague in this life,
Much more than I ought in my station,
I'm sure I have had: With the Squire at strife,
And then to encrease my vexation,
You write to desire me not to come down,
That Madam would wish me to stay,
When I pack'd up my alls, for to leave this vile town,
And hop'd to have bundl'd away.

Then I thought in the country with Master to've
gone,

Just before the good Miss Lucy's marriage,
When he flew harum scarum to fetch our Miss Con,
I was to have follow'd the carriage.

But the ride wou'd fatigue me, I now grow too
old,

I shall lose all my patience I fear,
To be thwarted a this'un I almost could scold,
Displac'd by a jabb'ring Mounseer.

Lord! was I to tell you the freaks I have seen;

And more, the strange things I have heard,
Of a certain young person, you know who I mean,
For John ne'er discloses a word,

Sure was I to open, I never shou'd cease;

But mum, I'm as still as a mouse,
The City, oh, Lord! it was dulness and peace,
To what I have found in this house.

I there thought the dining at four rather strange,

But here, they are up night and day,
They set down at seven, at ten abroad range,
Sup at three, game and racket away.

Lord

Lord Harpy is now one of Master's great friends,
 And Squire Smooth, I ne'er saw man so civil,
 Dines here thrice a week, daily compliments
 sends,

Tho' I oft wish them both at the devil.
 For when he goes with them to club near St.
 James,

I always fear mischief is brewing ;
 He comes home like a fury, and calls himself
 names,

Talks of acres, of lawyers, and ruin.
 Then I don't say Miss Magnet, that's so often
 here,

Nay I think that our coachman's a liar,
 He whisper'd to me (but he need not to fear
 I shou'd mention) she's kept by our Squire.
 Cou'd you see our house, I have not the least
 doubt,

But you'd wonder, and lift up your eyes,
 And cry, 'tis so fine that I dar'n't stir about,
 Lord, how this wou'd Madam surprize !

We've

We've such cabroles, sophas, and fine hor moll
yews,

Lustres, confidence, pictures and screens,
The hangings, and curtains, pink strip'd with
ipews,

Fring'd and tassell'd with silver and greens.
The glasses reach almost from ceiling to floor,
When in them some sparks I espy'd,
Admiring themselves ; I got outside the door,
And exclaim'd, " how are fools multiplied !"
The carpet, adzookins, I'd like to've forgot,
How 'tis kept clean my wonder it raises,
White ground, pinks and greens, in a true lover's
knot,

Edg'd round with a border of daizes.
Then the wis-a-wee's gilt till it seems in a blaze,
To see it how people do press,
'Tis just like the Sheriffs, (they cry in amaze)
When they went with the City address.
Of the Frenchman (you saw) I but little can say,
For monkies are now much the fashion ;

Let

Let Mounseer take care, tho' he dresses so gay,
 That he don't put plain John in a passion.
 I doubt he's bewilder'd our smart housemaid, Nan,
 In the chamber I caught them (a blockhead)
 He talks to the girl of the rights of a man,
 And has gi'en her a National cockade.
 Our servants besides, are a coachman, a lad,
 A footman, two maids, Mrs. Pry,
 Who came as housekeeper, and I shou'd be glad
 She was safe on the other side Wye;
 For I'm sure we now drive at a wonderful rate,
 And I can't say I'm vastly delighted,
 To think what must happen to Master's estate,
 If the candle at both ends is lighted.
 Such waste and expence, to be certain 'tis pity,
 He begins much too hot for to hold;
 One would think he was rich as the house in the
 City,
 Where all day they are shovelling up gold.
 I think to myself that there must be a crash,
 For in all things they make him pay double,

When

When that happens, our glasse, our tinsel and
trash,

Will burst all at once like a bubble.

However, if all our affairs go on wrong,

I may say, it is no fault of mine,

I'm sure to the servants I don't spare my tongue ;

Ah, wou'd we were safe back at Eigne !

But as our gay 'Squire's bewitch'd to this town,

When 'twill happen I can't give a guess,

So I beg that good Madam will order me down,

And then there'll be one fool the less.

For certain to see our dear village again,

I'd consent to roll there in a barrow,

As here, 'gainst his will, doth at present remain,

Your old fellow-servant,

JOHN HARROW.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

TIMOTHY TWIG

TO

LLOYD TREDAGAR, Esq.

THE BIRTH DAY;

OR, A SQUEEZE AT ST. JAMES'S.

PEDIGREE—A BATTLE—COURT CHARACTERS—
BALL—&c.

THIS town, my dear Lloyd, hath new charms
every day,
For your friend, so enchanting, magnificent, gay;
So charming the scenes, that from morning to
night,
They attract my attention, my senses delight.
To the lively I fly, where the splendid resort,
Am sure to be found, as for instance at Court.

For Smooth said, " friend Twig, I now wish for

" to speak,

" Of a matter I've had in my mind for a week ;

" As you're settl'd among us, I know 'tis expected,

" (And, indeed, I opine has too long been

" neglected,)

" That at Court you appear, as your person and

" fashion,

" Will surprize, and inflame all the Ladies with

" passion,

" To court your acquaintance the Nobles will

" flock,

" As they know you're deriv'd from a true an-

" cient stock.

" No objection to family, fortune remains,

" We had Twigs planted here in the time of the

" Danes :

" No upstart pretender, at those the town laughs,

" A collateral branch of the House of the Staffs.

" Therefore let no longer delay intervene,

" But pay your respects to our much belov'd

" Queen,

" The

“ The approaching birth-day: I’ll attend, let
“ me see,

“ Yes, I’ll fill up one end of your gay vis-à-vis.”
I’ll own that I thought my friend Smooth in the
right,

So I order’d a fuit at once splendid and light,
’Twas velvet embroider’d, the cuffs and the cape
Trim’d with flowers and leaves, in an elegant
shape :

The waistcoat of tissue, round which a fringe
dangles,

And cover’d with tassels, mosaic, and spangles.
Blue liv’ries with lace, pink and silver together,
A point d’Espagne, hat with a sumptuous red
feather :

My steeds deck’d with ribbands, we made a great
show,

And Sarcastm call’d me a smart birth-day beau.

Well, ~~after with dressing,~~ I’d made a fine rout,

when I with dressing had
The carriage brought Smooth, and at one we
set out.

As

As we mov'd on, he said, " my dear friend in
the place

" Where the Palace now stands, for a very long
" space,

" Was held a great fair, and I think I might say,

" Again 'tis reviv'd, by the croud of this day.

" Such a bustle and noise, such a tumult and
" throng,

" The horses could scarce drag the carriage along.

" When the fair was suppress'd, long ago you'll
" suppose,

" In the field of St. James, a small hospital rose,

" Fourteen poor young maidens, great objects
" of pity,

" To live chaste and honest, were kept by the City.

" Then maids chaste and honest were not in such
" plenty,

" Where they had got one, we have now at least
" twenty."

Twig. " Who founded the Palace?" *Smooth.*

" 'Twas built by King Harry,

" The Monarch that so much delighted to marry:

" Other

“ Other Kings made additions; you’ll observe the

“ whole pile,

“ Is a model of taste in the true Gothic stile.

“ What grandeur, what art in the courts are

“ display’d,

“ How wide and convenient the side colonade.

“ The offices, rooms, for domestics, or state,

“ With such judgment are plan’d; the magnificent

“ gate,

“ Comes so near to perfection, that every one

“ owns,

“ It surpasses the buildings of Chambers, or Jones.”

Twig. “ We’ve reach’d Piccadilly. What now

“ stops the way?”

Footman. “ A waggon, a dung cart, two barrows,

“ one dray.”

Just then I observ’d, you will scarce give it

credence,

’Twixt the dung cart and dray, a dispute for

precedence.

Their drivers soon strip, soon doth battle ensue,

To amuse us fine folks that were sitting perdue;

Confusion

As we mov'd on, he said, " my dear friend in
the place

" Where the Palace now stands, for a very long
" space,

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Confusion

Confusion encreases, carts, carriages jumble,
 The mob hoot and hollow, dogs bark, coachmen
 grumble,

While under the horses, the combatants tumble.

Well victory's God, for the carman declares,

We now are encumber'd with coaches and chairs,

With swearing and whipping, my charioteer,

At length struggl'd through, broke the line, and
 got clear.

Twig. " There's the street of St. James, ah, I

" wish we were in it!

" We don't seem to move half a step in a minute,

" The horses incline to repose from their labours,

" However, we fly just as fast as our neighbours."

'Twas certainly right on this bustling day,

" With hacks on the sides, thus to cram up the

" way;

" They serve to embank us, a proper line keep,

" I wish they had rang'd but another row deep,

" We shou'd then have stood longer, I ne'er could

" be tir'd,

" Of hearing my carriage, and liv'ries admir'd."

With

With bustling and struggling, and jolting and
clatter,

(A few vulgars run over, but that's no great
matter,)

Some footmen dismounted, some blows as they
pass,

The gate came in sight, when smash went the
front glass,

Then crack the back pannel, I could not rebuke,

As the damage was done by the pole of a Duke :

'Tho' I'll own at that moment I with'd myself out;

The discord encreases, the populace shout,

Thund'ring on came the guards, soon they drive
all before 'um

The battle to this : Lord ! 'twas order, decorum.

To describe the confusion unequal's my pen.

Chairs, chariots, horse, foot, Children, women
and men ;

Shrieks, huzzas and laughter, neighs, blows and
abuse,

As if Pandæmonium at once had broke loose,

Till

Till Lord Harpy appear'd in the midst of the fray,
 When we beckon'd to chairs, and escap'd the back
 way.

To you, my friend Lloyd, who are fond of the
 chace,
 Two miles in three hours will seem a great pace,
 For at this rate we'd travell'd from Devonshire
 Place.

I now had great hopes that our troubles were o'er;
 But found my mistake ; for, alas ! at the door,
 The crowd was as great, quite as much we were
 press'd,

Only this mob were noble, and splendidly dress'd.
 I remember you've said, that it gave you delight
 To bustle and push at a play the first night :
 In the noise and confusion I too have found sport,
 But nothing to equal the racket at Court ;
 I think I was ne'er in my life so well pleas'd,
 As when 'midst a circle of Beauties tight squeez'd.
 How happy was I, thus surrounded with graces,
 Almost in their arms, and quite close to their faces !

So

So well pack'd together, so num'rous they throng'd,
 You could scarce tell to whom their high feathers
 belong'd.

When behind Lady Ostrige, I mark'd with delight,
 O'er my head wav'd her plumes, like a tragedy
 knight.

On the sides there is nothing keeps people asunder
 Like a hoop; there's no passing, unless one creeps
 under.

But I've rambled, and now will my story resume,
 For we've not yet arriv'd at the gay drawing-room.
 I observ'd, as we walk'd up the stair-case so grand,
 That the diligent house-maid had strew'd it with
 sand:

A convenience it answers she could not divine;
 Gold and silver it scours, and makes tissue shine,
 Which I guess is the reason the custom prevails,
 That when Ladies ascend, trains and petticoats
trails.

Smooth. " Mr. Twig, if you stop and talk thus by
 the way,

" We sha'n't get a peep at the circle to-day:

" If

"If we try, we shall meet with success, never doubt."

Twig. "Oh! here's our friend *Sarcasm* just coming out!"

"What chance in our favor? You seem to be heated,

"Your hair quite derang'd: well, I'd not have retreated.

"What has driven you away? and pray what have you seen,

"The *Duchess* of York, the *Princesses*, or *Queen*?"

Sarc. "The *Duchess* I scarce could one moment admire:

"O'ercome by the crowd, she was forc'd to retire,

"So eager the people came thronging around;

"But *Courtiers*, you know, in politeness abound.

"However, friend *Twig*, I'll for once lead the way,

"As you seem desirous to make an essay."

So forward we mov'd, midst the *Ladies* and *Lords*,
A charming confusion: hoops, trimmings and
swords,

As

As they mingled together delightfully tangled,
No doubt the whole floor was most tastefully
spangled,

Lace, tiffue and gauze, flowers, feathers and foil,
So pleasant a romp I han't had a great while.

Lady Rent, in the midst on't, scream'd out to his
Grace,

"Your sword has hitch'd in my trimmings and
"lace!"

Billy Lipfalve, Lord Prig, and friend Bob almost
swore,

'Cause the wig of a Judge, had their coats pow-
der'd o'er.

Cries the Countess of Flutter, "an aukward
"young man,

"With his buttons has torn the fine mount of
"my fan."

"Lord Hook, I beg pardon," said Lady Bab
Barter,

"In the croud my left arm had got under your
"garter.

" You see how they shove; ah, I wish them
" dispers'd;"

" So shou'd I," said my Lord, " if our arms
" were revers'd."

Thus you'll judge we were wedg'd pretty closely
together,

I just saw the top of the Princesses' feather;

As he mov'd from his place, caught a view of the
Prince,

And you can't think how happy I've been ever
since.

I wish'd to get forward, but could not tell how,

The pliantest back had no room for to bow.

So onward we prest, without fear of displeasing

The Ladies, who shew'd no aversion to squeezing;

Till fatigued with the bustle, o'ercome by the
heat,

We drew off our army, and forc'd a retreat;

From the Drawing Room march'd, pass'd the
anti-room's border,

In the third made a halt, tho' with marks of
disorder.

However,

However, we rallied, and here fac'd about,
For to me who ne'er saw such an elegant rout,
The scene was enchanting. When Smooth thus
began,

" You observe, in blue ribband, that very tall
" man,

" Lord C*** high in office, benevolent, frank,

" Do but mark how low bows the good Bishop
" of Blank.

" With jewels emblazon'd, herself a bright star,

" How many hearts sigh for the Duchess of R ;

" How lovely she looks ! her form you'll confess,

" Can receive no improvement from brilliants or
" drefs.

" Another belle equally charming you see,

" In the elegant figure of Lady S. G.

" The Atlas of State just now passing you saw,

" Here follows the stern-looking Head of the

" Law ;

" His character praise will for ever obtain,

" While equity, justice, and honour remain.

Twig. " Three Ladies appear. Who are they,
" can you guess?"

Smooth. " The graces of Court, first the Mar-
" chionefs S.

" That with flowers and stars, in sky blue, is
" Miss E.

" This in white crape and silver, is Lady E. C.

" 'Tis the Countess of G. that now talks to his
" Grace,

" With the Countess of H.! What a beautiful
" race,

" Are her children: the people I often remark,

" Admiring their groups as I walk in the Park."

The Drawing Room over, returning we saw,
The church, state and army, the navy and law,
Blue, green, and red ribbands, Lords, Ladies,
Knights, all
Were hast'ning to dine, and prepare for the Ball.
With crouding repeated, we got down the stairs,
And thought ourselves happy box'd up in our
chairs.

To

To leave this gay Court, as it 'gan to grow
thinner,

And by six in Pall-Mall, were set down to our
dinner.

Where a company splendid we met, and at ten,
Behold us arriv'd at St. James's again.

The Ball to describe, I declare I'm unable,
How the minuets were danc'd in the space of a
table.

How well look'd the King, Queen, and lovely
Princeesses,

How the Prince was all grace, or how glittering
the drestes,

Who danc'd with the Dukes, or what jewels were
worn,

Would better a newspaper's columns adorn.

You'll easy imagine the croud and the show,

The men plac'd behind, Ladies took the front row,

Whose hoops we look'd over, so close they were
thrust,

That nought was discern'd of the Gents but the bust,

Which cover'd with tiffue above the sword hilt,
 Look'd just like a head with the pedestall gilt.
 The convenience, friend Lloyd, of the female
 attire,

While charm'd with the splendour, I always admire.
 For shou'd you observe them at Court ball per-
 chance,

Twirl'd round, when full dress'd, in a country
 dance.

In so roomy a place, what a flutter they make,
 How their hoops, jewels, feathers and furbeloes
 shake,

Such beauty, such taste, such a glare, and a glitter,
 I declare that the sight put me quite in a twitter.

The music now ceases; their Majesties tir'd,
 In the midst of our mirth to my sorrow retir'd.

The Court constellations no longer adorning
 This circle, declin'd about one in the morning.

When I'd pray'd to St. James to inspire a passion,
 In our good Monarch's breast, for the hours of
 fashion.

Revolv'd

Revolv'd on the visions of this happy day,
And resolv'd as the town is so crouded and gay,
So much doth my mind, show and pleasure adore,
While it lasts I shall think of the country no
more.

But I now must invoke of Old Somnus a sprig
From his brow, for the pate of

Your

TIMOTHY TWIG.

LETTER XXI.

MISS CONSTANTIA

TO

MRS. URBAN.

FROM splendour, bustle, tumult, noise,
Arriv'd at peaceful Eigne,
This symbol of Constantia's joys,
Flies from my hand to thine.
Oh, cease my throbbing, flutt'ring heart!
And suffer me to write,
Trembling let me my blifs impart;
My pleasure and delight.
Yes, Lucy! to thy tender breast,
(Which oft his absence mourn'd,)
I must exult, Constantia's blest!
Her Henry is return'd!

Return'd!

Return'd ! the sound my bosom warms,
 Prais'd be the pow'rs above !
 Return'd to his Constantia's arms,
 To duty, friendship, love !
 To all the calmer joys that gild,
 Our dear sequestred scene,
 Each tree with notes of rapture fill'd,
 Appears a livelier green.
 The whirling gales, the cloud topt hill ;
 The blackned river's course ;
 The rustling leaves no longer chill,
 And deaden each resource :
 As when my mind a prey to dread,
 Anxious for Henry's fate,
 In wind, and storms, with gloom o'erspread,
 In calms with hope elate.
 Hope, unsubstantial as the air,
 Sometimes the wretch attends ;
 Gleams o'er the soul, averts despair,
 And grief with pleasure blends.
 With me, each wish I form'd to cheer,
 The anxious love-lorn day,

Is gratified ; my Henry's here,
 Doubt, terror, fear, delay,
 Are past, and I the pleasing task,
 My lover's fet attend,
 What can it be, doth Lucy ask ?
 To greet my charming friend.
 The following lines at his desire
 I write : " he says he fears,
 " You seldom think of Glendwr's spire,
 " And former happy years.
 " When once in Wye's romantic meads,
 " A lilly newly blown,
 " And rose bud 'twin'd, uprear'd their heads :
 " A youth to Lucy known,
 " With pleasure saw the lovely flow'rs,
 " Admir'd them as they grew ;
 " And mark'd them with the passing hours,
 " Expanding to the view.
 " Their charms reflected each on each,
 " As they their leaves disclose,
 " Their tints unite, like blossom'd peach,
 " The lilly and the rose."

Thus

Thus, far my Lucy, you will know,
 My lover prompts my pen;
 Frequent I've seen your blushes glow,
 When prais'd by flatt'ring men.
 But truth and Henry are the same,
 And oft in ardent strains,
 With me he joins his friendly claim,
 From Arvon's verdant plains.
 Language but weakly can express,
 How both with hearts elate,
 To Urban, you, all joys address,
 And hail your blissful state!
 I now behold, as in a glass,
 Your train of future years,
 In gay succession smile and pass,
 Divested of their cares.
 I see on life's smooth green advance,
 (Led by her happy Charles)
 My friend, the graces round you dance,
 And troops of boys and girls;
 With cherub looks, in wanton play,
 And sportive gambols join;

Cupid

Cupid with Hymen leads the way,
And wreaths of roses 'twine.
While looks expressive of your bliss,
Beam from your radiant eyes,
“ Be all our future hours like this !”
Your husband fondly cries.
Such, Lucy, are my pleasing dreams,
Oh, may you find them true !
And what to me a vision seems,
Be realiz'd by you,

CONSTANTIA.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

MISS KITTY TONTINE.

TO

MISS CONSTANTIA TWIG.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER OF THAT LADY'S, WHICH
DOES NOT APPEAR.

Lottery Hall.

DEAR lov'd, what? Madam, that's precise,
And ne'er will suit with Kate;
Constantia then; that name implies,
A friendship of long date.
Howe'er resolv'd to let it go,
To shew your indiscretion,
On one that you so little know,
To waste a kind expression.
Nay, more to suffer me to write,
So, frown now if you chuse it,

Your

Your goodness gives me such delight,

No wonder I abuse it.

To be remember'd I had hope,

But, bless my heart! a letter

From you, shall I give pen full scope?

Ah, check it you had better!

Your brother! but why mention him?

Good Lord! he's such a rattle,

He says; perhaps 'tis but his whim,

And idle prittle prattle:

That I must give you joy anon,

(Which I shall do with rapture)

That now your whole employ's to con,

The matrimonial chapter.

Your present work I understand,

Which has been long compiling,

Will now be publish'd out of hand,

Excuse your Kate for smiling.

Your title page I long to see,

And tho' I fear refusal,

When *bound* I beg you'll favor me,

At least with one perusal.

Be folio happiness your lot,
 You see I can't be solemn,
 For fear your name shou'd be forgot,
 Print many a pocket volume.
 Lord, how the girl is running on!
 You'll cry, I'll never heed her,
 Vivacity is *le Haut Ton*,
 Believe me, gentle reader.
 That Heaven may send you blessings store,
 I frequent shall petition;
 Adorn and beautify you more,
 In every new edition.
 For me whate'er of good or ill,
 My future days attend,
 Rejoice I must, if counted still
 My dear Constantia's friend.
 To hear the nuptial knot is tied,
 Impatient I await,
 Then ardently shall greet the bride,
 At present,

VIRGIN KATE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

TIMOTHY TWIG

TO

LLOYD TREDAGAR, Esq.

STABLES—HYDE PARK—CHARACTERS—DISASTER
—LAND STORM.

QUITE fettled, dear Lloyd, in the family way,
House splendid, admir'd, magnificent, gay,
Servants, shewy and useful, as you may divine,
For I find full employment at present for nine;
Horses, vis-à-vis, phæton, I wish I was able,
To shew you how well I can manage a stable;
A subject that doth much attention engage,
To manage a stable's the taste of the age.
You laugh, but I scarce know a matter more
weighty,
Lord Chromis has founded a palace for eighty;
Where

Where each day he attends, and the learned agree,
That steeds so accomplish'd, you seldom shall see.

* Julius says, " that the horse on which Verus
" did dote,

" With raisins was fed, nor would touch a vile oat ;

" On carpets he trod, his apparel was fatten,

" Of his funeral pomp you may read in the Latin."

† You need not be told how the voice of his beast,
Made Persian Darius the Lord of the East.

Nor can you suppose grave Lucretius would gull us,

When he honours his colt as ‡ *Doctus equæ Pullus*.

Then § Atheas of Scythia lay in the same room,

And acted as valet-de-chamber and groom

To a palfrey of merit. Earl Fetlock's discourse,

Is the birth, the perfections, and rank of his horse,

His spirit and fire, his elegance, grace,

" He's the King of the course, and the life of the

" chace;

" And I'll bet my estate, that no gelding flies faster,"

His heels are as light as the head of his master.

* Julius Cap. in Vita Verus. † Luc. lib. 3. line 764.

‡ Rollin, p. 32. vol. 2. § Alex. ab Alex, lib. 6. cap. 8.

Thus each day we improve in equestrian know-
ledge,

Horfe dispensaries erect, found Veterinarian college,
Build magnificent stables, where order'd you see,
According to rank, country, age, sex, degree,
Mares, horses, colts, fillies. For place and pre-
cedence,

For keeping his subjects in proper obedience,
Enacting wise laws; than Duke Thistle who's
greater,

He well may be stiled, a horfe legislator.

Perhaps you would think he'd deserve greater
fame,

Who'd take care of the old, broke down, foun-
der'd and lame;

But, useless or poor, man and beast fares the same.)

'Tis like in few years, so uncertain their fate is,
Yok'd to dung cart, and blind will be our Inci-
tatus,

Unpity'd by all men, and most by his Lord,
Tho' now like Caligula's courser ador'd.

Howe'er

Howe'er, that's a trifle we must not deplore,
 We neglect every thing when it pleases no more.
 Now I'm talking of horses, it comes à-propos,
 Just faintly to sketch our hebdomadal show.

To you, Lloyd, who've long made the ancients
 your study,

Olympical games, and Apollinar ludi,
 Have oft been familiar ; of these we have traces,
 In turf meetings, Lyceums, and Newmarket races ;
 Their sports of four years we now hold once a
 week,

Which I think an improvement on Roman and
 Greek.

" Once a week, why you dream, I'm quite in
 " the dark,"

To clear up this matter, we'll ride to Hyde-Park.
 I often have thought what a comfort to those,
 Who've toil'd thro' six days, must be Sunday's
 repose ;

At the same time I've look'd with an eye of
 compassion,

On the *bore* which it seems to a person of fashion.

No balls, plays, or concerts, attract their re-
gards,

No public place open (but churches) no cards;
And often I've wonder'd what possible way,
They'd found out to live thro' this narcotic day.
That I was mistaken, I'll own made me stare,
In Wales Sunday's dull, but in London a fair;
And I ne'er shall forget my joy and surprize,
When first our equestrian rout struck my eyes;
In Hyde-Park, when the *Beau Monde* assembles,
I trust

You never have seen such a racket and dust.
There folks from all quarters collect in profusion,
What jostling and pushing, what glorious con-
fusion.

'Midst foot, horse, and coaches, men, women,
boys, girls,

My *entrée* I made with Coz Lucy and Charles,
Lords, Judges, and Lackies, smart Ladies and
Cits,

On geldings and mares, horses, galloways, titts;

Well

Well pleas'd, I observ'd trying which could ride
quickest,

I gave Bob the spur, and soon dash'd 'midst the
thickest,

Away we flew off, yoicks! hark forward! hallo!

Leap'd the gate, swam the pond, and ran up
Rotten Row,

As in shooting you oft see a covey divide,

And scar'd by the gun, quickly fly on each
side:

So dispers'd was the croud, soon I outstrip'd
them all,

Whirl'd round at the post, just by Kensington
wall,

Gallop'd back, and before you could count half
a dozen,

Join'd Charles, who laugh'd loud, and my won-
d'ring Cousin.

Such my first exploit, Lloyd, now the tip of the
Ton,

I frequently ride the gay circle among.

Last Sunday 'twas brilliant, what elegant troops,
 The Prince, and the Dukes, at the head of their
 groupes,

Such beauty, such fashion, so well run their
 courses,

Which most to admire, the Gents or their horses,
 I declare I am puzzl'd. As every one knows,
 The steeds scour the plain, while the coaches in
 rows,

To the road are confin'd, and are so tangled in it,
 They scarce seem to move half a step in a minute,
 If one breaks the line, when the horses are frisky,
 As it happen'd just now to young Curvet's tim
 whiskey,

What a bustle ensues; the youth *comme il faut*,
 A coat with six collars back button'd to shew,
 A kerchief of plaid tied loosely above
 A stock, which stuck out like the craw of a dove;
 His culottes were drawn tight, with large buttons
 before ;

Of waistcoats I counted, I think, half a score :

The

The things on his legs might cause many disputes,
 I lay'd they were shoes, and Lord Brush they were
 boots.

His hair, and his girls, the extremes did adopt,
 One down to the rump, and the others close crop'd.
 Her high feather'd hat, cock'd with masculine air,
 Of black cravat a bunch, habit *en militaire*.

So tonnish a couple you seldom shall see,
 Away flew the horses, and bang 'gainst a tree,
 The carriage went with them; perhaps it was
 well,

That the body remain'd with the Beau and the
 Belle:

I spur'd to assist, and without any hurt,
 (Except to their clothes) drag'd them out of the
 dirt.

So odd their positions, no one could help laughter,
 Nay I titter'd, and smil'd, thro' the whole morn-
 ing after.

I'd left the smart pair, and was riding along,
 When I Sarcastm met in the midst of the throng.

Said he, " you seem pleas'd with what makes your
" friend serious,

" I declare that I think all these people delirious.

" What confusion and noise, what a mob in the
" Park,

" Charles Curd, you're observing, a Cheefe-
monger's Clerk ;

" His poney, which scarce he can keep on the
" back,

" Is here every Sunday, a worn Moorfields hack.

" That's old Lord Lombago, you see nod his head,

" And fly a foot pace to the beauty in red."

Twig. " A beauty indeed, I must keep her in
" fight,

" Her Squire's in green, and her palfrey is white ;

" What an elegant form, how she graces her
" faddle,

" See the beaus flock around her, Grig, Widgeon
" and Faddle :

" To rival his Lordship, they all seem to tend.

" Who is she?" *Sarc.* " What not know the
" lovely Miss Blend,

Where

“ Where the duce have you liv’d? But yonder

“ Tom Shade is,

“ He heads a large troop of equestrian ladies;

“ How they bound on the grafs, feathers, stream-

“ ers display,

“ The charming Hypolita first on the way.

“ Her fine auburn tresses float loose in the wind,

“ From her hat falls a veil, which hangs care-
less behind.

“ This nymph all allow is the queen of the chace,

“ Diana in hunting ne’er rode with such grace;

“ And no sister archer we very well know,

“ Can with half the dexterity handle the bow.

“ She’s attended you see by Toxophilite fair,

“ Miss Arcus, Miss Dart, Lady Bell Sagittaire.

“ You observe, my friend Twig, that when some

“ Ladies ride,

“ How uneasy they sit, how they lean on one side.

“ This they owe to their fears, or the make of

“ their saddle,

“ In times far remote, Britain’s fair rode a straddle.

In

“ In the reign of King Richard, the second I mean,
“ A side saddle came here with Ann, the young
“ Queen.

“ ’Tis said they’d been us’d many ages in France ;
“ And as you very like may have dip’d in romance,
“ You can tell how Princesses to see the great deeds,
“ Of their Knights, when they travell’d, were plac’d
“ on their steeds.”

Twig. “ At this time ’tis no matter. Pray who
“ is that figure ?”

Sar. “ Lord Limber, the next is great General
“ O’Trigger,

“ To the world what a blessing the excellent fample,
“ For parent, spouse, friend, is the General’s
“ example.”

Twig. “ What the devil is that coming close by
“ the rail,

“ Which looks like a grasshopper* driving a snail ?

Sar. “ Beau Dapper, his whiskey don’t fly very quick.

“ The fault’s in his horse, poor old Tumble down
“ Dick.

* Antique Chimera, Vide Musæum Florentinum.

“ That

“ That fat bloated figure who rides the lean mare,
“ With the nymph in brown habit and long flaxen
“ hair,
“ Whose filly’s so low, that she daggles her robe,
“ Is Miss Liddy and father, Sir Benjamin Globe.
“ That black horse and rider, who’re both sleek
“ as fatten,
“ A Canon of W*****, the good Doctor Matin,
“ How pleasing his doctrine, how various his
“ powers,
“ He’s ten minutes preaching, and dining two
“ hours,
“ I declare ’tis a task far beyond my capacity,
“ To guess what could bring out my friend Per-
“ spicacity,
“ Some matter of moment I almost rely on’t,
“ His beast, (I had like to have called him his
“ client,)
“ How he spurs, and he lashes through each
“ crooked track,
“ See he galls his lean sides, and quite flays his
“ poor back,
“ My

“ My spleen is arising. An old o’ergrown
“ porpus !

“ I wish steed would give him an *Habeas Corpus*.

“ The Phæton and Ponies attract your attention,

“ A Duchefs, the Chariot, holds Sir Peter Pension.

“ The little smart gig, with the lady so bulky,

“ Mrs. Solid, that’s Outcast alone in the fulky.

Twig. “ The people all scamper, some harm

“ I’m afraid.”

Stranger. “ The steed of Miss Frisk, has just

“ made a croupade ;

“ I declare I once thought she’d be beat black and

“ blue.

“ Before and behind, up and down, Vixen flew.

“ She o’erturn’d the carriage of Madam Van

“ Pout,

“ And Swill, who was trying to outride the gout.

“ The horse of a judge that stood still as the

“ bench,

“ She forc’d with it’s rider down yonder deep

“ trench

“ There,

“ There, close to the wall, squat came all the whole
“ troop.

“ Of human and animal legs such a group,

“ The footmen and grooms, that beheld this

“ disaster,

“ Could scarce find the limbs of their Mistress or

“ Master,

“ I’m torn with your spurs exclaims pretty Miss

“ Squeak,

“ I’m under the carriage and scarcely can speak.

“ His Lordship bawls out, help! Murder! Oh

“ shocking!

“ So one pull’d a boot and another a stocking;

“ Tho’ at first quite derang’d, and in terrible

“ frights,

“ I fancy the tumblers are now set to rights.”

Sar. “ If you please, Mr. Twig, we’ll ride nearer

“ the road,

“ A family party, I see, my Lord Load,

“ In yon large open carriage, observe it you must,

“ ’Tis made to enjoy both the sun and the dust;

“ There’s

" There's my Lord and my Lady, five children,

" that's seven,

" Their two nieces, nine, coach and footman,

" eleven.

" How the poor horses labour, I pity their backs,

" And hark at each jolt, how the sociable cracks.

" Do you see yon smart figure that stands up in

" green,

" She drives like a goddess." (*Twig.*) " Kitty

" Tontine!

" What a charming rencontre." (*Kitty.*) " To see

" this strange medley,

" I just took a flight with my friend here, Miss

" Sedley.

" I must leave you this instant, with Charlotte we

" dine,

" And you know how impatient's her father and

" mine."

Charlotte. " Dear Kitty says true, I am sadly

" afraid,

" Our hour and a half we have much overstaid."

Twig.

Twig. " Hang hours, and fathers, and dinners,

" I say,

" The day's so enchanting, my spirits so gay,

" If you mention returning, I'll soon cut the traces,

" Alight and eclipse all the Kensington graces,

" The charioteer nymphs, and the blooming

" equestrians,

" The Serpentine naides, the garden pedestrians ;

" The beaux shall all stare to behold the bright

" pattern,

" Of grace, beauty, fashion, in Charlotte and

" Cath'rine.

Kitty. " Very well, my good friend: What say

" you, fair neighbour?

" If fatigu'd with our drive we've not quite lost

" our labour.

" Tho' I grant your proposal's enchantingly

" pleasant,

" We've no time to eclipse this assembly at

" present."

Char. " Dear Kitty, consider it grows very late,

" Mr. Twig will attend us to Grosvenor gate.

" And

" And if he has any more fine things to say,
 " And should not find time in this very short
 " way,
 " My friend at our house is engag'd for the day." }

'Twas well they escap'd, scarce I join'd the gay
 croud,

E'er Phœbus withdrew, and a black envious
 cloud,

Burst at once o'er the Park, down came torrents
 of rain;

What uproar, confusion, the steeds scour the plain.

The carriages crash, uprose Boreas, and Auster,

A foot race commences, each strives to run
 faster.

On all sides they scamper, Lord, Lady, Beau,
 Miss;

Old Virgil's great storm was a zephyr to this.

Stern Jove was engag'd at a distance I fear,

Nor once heard the cries of the Venuses here,

Soak'd through in an instant, Prince, Bishops,
 and Peers,

The company dripping, and hanging their ears.

The

The shower increafes, the gale louder blows,
 Hats and caps mount aloft, while derang'd are
 our cloaths;

Umbrellas are fpread, but they little avail,
 Whisk'd away, like balloons, they the atmofphere
 fail,

I could not help wifhing as o'er me one pafs'd,
 That I could get out of the Park half as faft.
 The feathers and gauzes, the elegant drefles,
 Torn, rumpl'd, diforder'd, the beautiful trefles
 Of the fair all difhevel'd, they drop at each
 motion,

Like the Goddeffs of Love, when fhe rofe from
 the ocean.

They run to and fro, to efcape they're ftill trying,
 All daggl'd their trains, their loofe drapery flying,
 But the worft of the matter I have to relate,
 For carriages, people, fo block'd up the gate,
 That we could not get out. To encrease the
 confufion,

The wind whiffles louder, the rain in profufion,

Kept pouring upon us, some shriek and some
bawl,

Some girls mounted ladders, and scal'd the Park
wall.

Mrs. Prim was offended, and so was Miss Prue,
For I heard them exclaim, they saw far above
shoe,

Of the fair so exalted, I waited an hour,
And, at last got releas'd, at the tail of the
shower.

Quite vex'd with delay, as you'll easily guess,
I scarce could find time, or to dine, or to dress.
Dispatch'd they were both in a very short space,
And I flew, in high spirits, to gay Portland
Place.

An ev'ning in style, but on that I sha'n't enter,
Being tir'd with writing, my morning's ad-
venture.

On this, my friend Lloyd, you may surely
rely,

In sunshine, or storms, heat, or cold, wet, or
dry,

If

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If I'm dull as an owl, or as brisk as a grig,
You will always be thought on,

By

TIMOTHY TWIG.

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LETTER XXIV.

MISS KITTY TONTINE

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE SEDLEY.

CROAKING—CARDS—&c.

Lottery Hall.

DEAR Charlotte I can ne'er refuse,
However hard the task,
She sets my pen, tho' oft the muse,
Denies the aid I ask.
Oblig'd in measure all my own,
On words to ring a chime;
Like odes compos'd by Dr. Drone,
Where sense gives place to rhyme.
You ask me how I've spent the week?
In visits, dull and stupid,

Among

Among a set that Umbriel seek,

Who long have done with Cupid.

Say, are there characters in life,

Who, harbingers of sorrow,

Croak over murders, earthquakes, strife,

Morn, eve, to-night, to-morrow?

Oh lud! what figures have I met,

I hope you won't be weary,

If I describe the pleasant set,

Conven'd by Mistress Dreary.

But first it comes in à-propos,

To hint to you, my dear,

This neighbouring family of woe,

We visit once a year.

Seven was the hour, you'll now suppose,

The doleful group assembl'd,

I enter'd, up they all arose,

I took my seat, and trembl'd;

When said our hostess, " I intrude,

" Perhaps on Mistress Pall,

" The Lady's story to conclude,

" Who fainted at the ball.

“ No trouble, Ma'am, 'tis very short,

“ (Tho' secrecy's requir'd)

“ Unmarried, made a villian's sport,

“ In child-bed she expir'd.”

“ Oh, horrid!” said good Mistrefs Prim,

“ A woman of such fashion!

“ I think her ten times worse than him,

“ Thus to give way to passion.”

Her fall and punishment, they cried,

Doth the whole sex disparage,

Tho' virtuous girls have often died,

A few months after marriage.

“ Miss Bloom, that fashionable toast,

“ Just wed,” said Mrs. Eager,

“ I met this morning, like a ghost,

“ Pale, hagg'd, wan, and meagre.”

“ Well, Sir! what is the current news?”

(Here enter'd Captain Raven.)

“ Bad, Madam! French in wooden shoes,

“ Landed at Milford Haven.”

Ah lud! ah lud! (the gen'ral cry)

With terror I expire!

Now

Now fell a spark from lustre high,
 Miss Single squeak'd out fire !
 Alarm'd, as you may well suppose,
 While fear each face expresses,
 We hear of flames, of blazing clothes,
 Sing'd hair, disorder'd tresses.
 This, as become the gen'ral theme,
 Our whole attention rouses ;
 Till chang'd at last, by Mrs. Dream,
 From persons, unto houses.
 Scarce shall I after this discourse,
 Endure the sight of fuel,
 Without, a voice in accents hoarse,
 Bawl'd out, " a murder cruel !"
 Here a new subject to amuse,
 Most luckily was started ;
 We now had tragic tales profuse,
 And wept for the departed.
 Then Doctor Shroud, (of mirth the bane)
 In all their dismal forms,
 Pour'd forth whole deluges of rain,
 With earthquakes, winds, and storms.

When out of breath, good Mrs. Quake,
 Her worthy friend relieves.
 We hear how gangs in houses break,
 Of road and petty thieves.
 Splinter at last puts in a word,
 From him accounts we learn'd,
 What dreadful mischiefs had occur'd,
 From carriages o'erturn'd.
 Trembling I sat, with horror froze,
 When sure some sprightly God,
 To calm my fears, did interpose,
 And sent for Mistress Nod:
 Whose dress and person, cap and plumes,
 Each one with great good-nature,
 To scan with critic eye presumes,
 As subjects fit for satire.
 If you like me are tir'd with prate,
 Of these desponding souls,
 You'll hail the hour big with the fate,
 Of matadores and voles.
 Glad to divert my thoughts from grief,
 Which they by rote deplore;

When

My

My anxious mind to seek relief,
 Applies to Monarchs, four.
 To them as subject, trusty, true,
 I vow'd two hours allegiance;
 Their beauteous Queens I honour'd too,
 And paid to trumps obedience.
 In younger sets I ne'er assist,
 At battles of the table,
 But here I flew from woe to whist,
 My partner, Mr. Sable.
 O'ercome with spleen, you'll think me grave,
 Nor is that thought erroneous,
 Quite petrified, plung'd in the cave,
 Of Bethnal-Green Trophonius.
 If you would wish to act the prude,
 Directly come among
 A set, where never smiles intrude,
 You'll grace our demi-ton.
 Forbid it, all the mirthful train,
 That at your shrine attend;
 Ne'er may Pandora's dismal reign,
 To Portland Place extend.

Still

Still be it yours, to lead the dance,
 To animate the ball,
 To shoot around the killing glance,
 While beaux by squadrons fall.
 This ev'ning, as some small amends,
 We have an Opera party ;
 I there shall meet a group of friends,
 And pray with zeal most hearty.
 That at the house we may be join'd,
 By you and Lady Sarah,
 Or *Votre Pere* may be inclin'd,
 To hear the trills of Mara.
 I've much to say, advice to ask,
 A secret to discover,
 That veils my face with sorrow's mask,
 Pray have you found my lover ?
 Or shou'd you meet, I must desire,
 You're mum, 'bout this excursion,
 Let who will take this rambling Squire,
 He's now your friend's aversion.
 Neglected ! No ! it cannot be ;
 Inform him of my hate,

If

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If constant Twig you chance to see,
'Fore

Melancholy

KATE.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

TIMOTHY TWIG

TO

LLOYD TREDAGAR, Esq.

A MASQUERADE.

OBSERVATIONS—RANELAGH—ROME—VENICE—CHA-
RACTERS—&c.

Devonshire Place.

I TAKE your reproaches, dear Lloyd, in good
part,

Tho' inactive my pen, still you reign'd in my heart.

“ Three months (you say gravely) and not one
“ epistle,

“ Yourself you amuse, and your friends may go
“ whistle,

“ Talk of mother's impatience, of *ci-devant* tutor,

“ Inform me that Constance has married her suitor.

“ How

“ How bright are their prospects, how happy their

“ fate,

“ And ask, how goes on my affair with Miss

“ Kate ?”

Why faith! not so forward as Edgumbe hath
guess'd,

I am not like him, either wedded or blest.

Nor can I think with Harry both words mean the
same,

So I've sent back your servant as wife as he came.

I know you, true subjects of Hymen's dominion,

Have read and adopted the Spartan opinion ;

And think to keep single is almost a crime,

And a batchelor's life an *hiatus* in time.

Talk of children, of regular conduct, and stuff,

Which in your dreary place may amuse well
enough ;

You may there with fair patriots promote popu-
lation,

But in London, the centre, the mart of the nation,

Where time gets a lift from his friend, dissipation :

Where

Where our fet use all means to get out of his
clutches,
Till he flies like Lord Limp when he's left off his
crutches.

Where Bacchus and Venus doth pleasures diffuse,
And while flowers around us they scatter profuse.
To wish me with still life my senses to lull,
Neither sleeping, nor waking, nor merry nor dull,
Stuck up in a corner to move like a clock,
And do just what Merlin, by springs makes a
block.

No! spirits like mine other pleasures require,
I mingle with toasts, and with fellows of fire.
Seek places where hours in confusion are hurl'd,
Where chaos reigns monarch of fashion's gay world;
Where the barriers are broken that part day from
night,

And lustres prefer'd, to Apollo's gay light:
Whose rays when he sets, leave us frequently
yawning,

And meet us retiring to bed in the morning.

May

May I ne'er in existence domestic engage,
 Till of pleasures I'm sicken'd, or wisdom, or age,
 Shall turn your gay friend into Cynic or Sage. }
 To blunt keen reflexion, enliven the hour,
 As knowing time present, is all, in our power,
 Vertumnus and Visage, your humble and Shade,
 Agreed to appear at the grand masquerade.
 I know, my friend Lloyd, when amusement you
 seek,

You dream over authors, or Latin or Greek.
 As that is your humour, a question I'd ask,
 Pray tell me who first on the stage wore a mask?
 Was he serious or comick, an actor or dancer?
 Why, Roscius the Great, you will probably answer.
 So far you are right, and to me 't has been hinted,
 That his face was a fright, and he horribly
 squinted.

From which you'll observe, 'twas not matter of
 choice,

And the Ladies were charm'd by his musical
 voice.

How

How bright was his fame, which no envy could
fully,

How ably defended you'll find stated fully,
If you turn to *pro Roscio Comædo* of Tully.

'Tis like you will think I'm gone out of my senses,
If next I refer you to *Ludi Circenses*;

Which must have afforded much sport, as I take it,
Or the feasts of fair Flora, where Ladies danc'd
naked.

This mode of unmasking, how charmingly pleasant,
Tho' the girls would not strip when old Cato was
present.

Perhaps they might think it no part of his duty,
To act on their stage as a censor of beauty.

At the opera, friend Lloyd, I can scarcely believe,
That Cato could hinder one daughter of Eve,
While the fashion prevails, from exposing her
charms,

Or make the fair cover their bosoms and arms.

They know Grecian forms have been justly ad-
mir'd,

They've heard Spartan lasses were loosely attir'd;
Not

Not lac'd up in corsets, or armour of bone,
 But under their bosoms just tied with a zone.
 Perhaps they have found the convenience that's
 in it,

A girl might step out of her clothes in a minute.

Like the virgins *Florali*, to whom I allude;
 But whether in public they mean to *denude*,
 Or only keep ready, to favour a lover,
 Is a secret, which time, time alone, can discover.

Be that as it may, the games I shall mention,
 I hope and believe are a modern invention.
 In France (I have read) of their dances of devils,
 And of our James the First, and Eighth Henry's
 revels.

But no modern author has any where shewn,
 They abounded in humour and wit like our
 own.

That grandeur and fancy, and taste were display'd,
 As I've seen them drawn forth at the late masquerade.

From which, tho' I've rambl'd, as that is my
object,

I'll pull the check string, and return to the subject.

But where lays my scene? that you have not yet
guess'd,

From Buckingham Gate, a mile south-west by
west,

A building arises much notic'd by fame,

Which first from an Irish Earl took its name.

There oft has love beam'd from the eyes of the
fair,

While swains have oft sigh'd on the brink of
despair,

And oft'ner hath Venus embrac'd the fond pair. }

While Ranelagh's temple thus shelter'd the lover.

Without it appear'd like a monstrous dish cover;

Or if you should think such a simile flat,

Like the top of a lamp, or the crown of a hat,

Or a cockpit's wide dome, or the roof of a mill.

There's plenty of figures, so chuse which you
will.

Hail

Hail folly and humour ! hail fashion and fun !
 Old Heydigger's ghost, and the genius of Lun !
 May the finging, the fidd'ling, and flutt'ring tribe,
 Assist me our present exploits to describe !
 The lustres and ornaments, painting and gilding,
 The superb *coup d'œil*, the magnificent building;
 Round which deck'd with flowers, gay arbours
 are seen,
 Where parties sit snug, just like Jack in the Green.
 When we enter'd the place, with what joy and
 delight,
 Were my senses assail'd ; how enchanted my sight.
 We walk'd under trees whose boughs form'd in
 an arch,
 Shelter'd roses full blown in the middle of March.
 Constellations of lamps, bright as train of a comet,
 Illumin'd the whole. Sure the Arab Mahomet,
 When he promis'd his followers gay regions of
 bliss,
 Had scenes in his mind as celestial as this.
 In which they assembl'd, divested of care,
 The men ever youthful, the Ladies all fair.

“ Why were those so around you ? ” perhaps you
will ask,

N’ importe, my good friend, as each face wore
a mask.

What scenes of delight to my view was unravel’d,
But still, how superior to those that have travel’d,
Are the banquets abroad ; let them tell who have
seen,

The operas, the balls, and the fetes transmarine.

Therefore I soon mean to abandon my home,

And join in the junkets of Venice and Rome.

What pleasure, what joy, to your friend doth ap-
pear,

In their Carnival month, and their Jubilee year.

How much will my mind, that loves shew and
parade,

Enjoy a whole city one grand Masquerade.

To walk in disguise, know no person you meet,

To have concerts in churches, and balls in the street;

To dance down the sun, and enliven the dark,

Or join festive groups in the place of St. Mark.

How

How dull we appear, how insipid and stupid,
To the country whose lyon is rode by young
Cupid;

Where altars to pleasure are rais'd in Cassines,
And Gondiliers figure as pages to Venus.

Your remarks will here be both sententious and
wife,

“ If my hair-brain'd friend Twig wou'd but
open his eyes,

“ He may see round about him a town in disguise,

“ He need not fly over great part of the globe,

“ To observe the effect of a wig and a robe.

“ How greatly they aid wisdom, gravity, know-
ledge,

“ In Church, on the Bench, at the Bar, or at
“ College.

“ Too much of your time it would take I'm afraid,

“ Shou'd I paint the disguise or deceptions of
“ trade.

“ How Physic's disguis'd, I could easily write,

“ How perverted the Law, but these subjects are
“ trite.

“ How often doth ignorance, deck’d with cockade,
“ March genius and worth up and down the
“ parade.

“ But where the sophistical art most display’d is,
“ Will be found in the fair sex, from wenches to
“ Ladies.”

Oh, horrid ! friend Lloyd, your whole letter’s a *bore*;
Disparage the sex, I’ll not read a word more !

But, as while I’m digressing the company presses,
I’ll return, and examine their figures and dresses.

Here Sophys, Peers, Prentices, mingle in troops,
How splendid, how various, how motly their
groups :

While Monarchs and fruit girls, Sultanas and
heroes,

Punche, scaramouch, gods, devils, harlequins,
Peros,

In confusion were huddl’d: with step light as
Vestris,

A Lady approach’d in the dress of Thalestris;
Her vest was pink tissue, white muslin her robe,
Her spouse, like old Atlas, supported a globe,

Of

Of whom Sarcaſm ſaid (but you know he's a
joker)

“ That under the world march'd an excellent
broker.

“ Here again you'll obſerve,” ſaid this unlicenc'd
railer,

“ Is Hercules, ap'd by Frank Feeble, my tailor.

“ There a friar and nun are retir'd to confeſſion.

“ Theſe dominos black, like a fun'ral proceſſion,

“ Remind me of death's head ſerv'd up at a ban-
quet.

“ What's here? a Mad Tom with his ſtraw and
“ his blanket.

“ So much he's in earneſt, the Ladies I fear,

“ Wiſh him ſtill in the miſt of the ſtorm with
“ King Lear.

“ In habit of ſaffron that figure of Hymen,

“ I think to the apex of folly is clim'ing;

“ He launch'd out in ſtyle at the top of the ton,

“ He now ſues Bob Bloom, in a caſe of crim.

“ con.

“ And while in the Court his own action is

“ pendant,

“ Is brought by Lord Horn, in another defendant.

“ The Urganda who sports red and black, is

“ Miss Sterling,

“ And Gofflin has pop'd on the habit of Mer-

“ lin.”

Now close at my elbow Euphrosyne smil'd ;

“ Do you know me ?” she squeak'd, in the voice
of a child,

“ Miss Sprightly.” You're out, what you say is not
true ;

“ Mr. Twig, I guess better, you see *I know*
“ *you.*”

Dick Doleful appear'd in the figure of Momus :

“ Let's all be unhappy,” was chaunted by Comus.

As Patience in white came my Lady Hyæna.

Miss Common had taken the part of Diana.

A prologue was spoken by Orator Mum,

Master Stephen was witty, and Touchstone quite
dumb.

In

In a garb she call'd Scythian, the fam'd Queen
Thomyris,

Was led out, and danc'd a new minuet with
Cyrus.

Now Turks, Jews, clowns, milkmaids, attracted
the eye,

Polyphemus a dwarf, Oberon full six feet high.

A well drest Diogenes scan'd us around,

Our harlequins ne'er mov'd a foot from the
ground.

While thus on the audience, enraptur'd, I gaz'd,

And the music, glare, glitter, my senses amaz'd,

I thus was accosted, " Friend Twig, know your
" duty,

" I call you to wait on the Goddess of Beauty."

This was spoke by a youth in the dress of a page,

A pleasing adventure my thoughts did presage.

In a white muslin drapery, confin'd by a zone,

With nymphs in gay vestments surrounding her
throne,

Sat the Cyprian Queen, whom thus I address'd,

With action that passion and pleasure express'd:

" With

“ With figure celestial, from eyes shooting fire,
“ No wonder all gazers with love you inspire.
“ The beams I now feel, wou’d enliven the
“ stupid,
“ And my heart is pierc’d through by the arrows
“ of Cupid.”

You know we talk florid, when nothing we mean,
And I thought that her mask conceal’d Kitty
Tontine.

Mistaken, alas ! for the sound of her voice,
Convinc’d me I had little cause to rejoice.
As instead of fair Cath’rine, I speak it, and sigh !
I met with a nymph of whom more by and by.
Here Shade led me from her. “ I muse who the
“ duce is

“ Yon figure, with wings on his cap and caduces :
“ Or punch, or in blue that gay flutt’ring spark,
“ Who dances cottillions with fat Joan d’Arc.”

A cobbler now bawls, “ shall I mend your old
“ shoes,”

A hawker, the Gazette, “ most excellent news.”

“ Wha

“ Wha wants me !” a Highlander, wrap’d in a
 cloak,

Behind came Menenius, who laugh’d at the joke.

Beau Clincher, trip’d swearing by Jupiter Am-
 mon,

And Lucifer strutted, supported by Mammon.

A stool mounted patriot with various grimaces,

Said, “ I’m poor, nor can turn the inns out
 “ of their places,

“ Therefore, to my friends of whatever de-
 “ scription,

“ I apply, nay, I beg for a public subscription.

“ My virtues, and merit, have long been well
 “ known,

“ They’re prais’d by all voices, but most by my
 “ own.

“ Such prudence and worth you must ever regard,

“ I have hazzard abhor’d, nor have e’er touch’d
 “ a card.

“ By charities, bounties, I’m brought to these
 “ straits,

“ In building of churches I’ve spent my estates.

“ Of

“ Of the places and cash I deriv’d from my birth,

“ I’ve never laid up the least treasure on earth.

“ To the skies it has flown, you will sure reim-

“ burse,

“ Your servant,” (thus saying, he open’d his
purse)

“ When this is quite full, and I’ve serv’d my own

“ ends,

“ I’ll get me another, and beg for my friends.”

Now follow’d a Pope, and the next, a Physician ;

Crown’d with straw, and in tatters a fair Politician,

Till her senses were lost, she had rack’d her in-
vention,

In flatt’ring and praising the Gallic Convention.

“ Of mortals so worthy, let nature be vain,

“ So enlighten’d, so pious, so mild and humane.”

The musick now founded so loud I declare,

I more than once thought that Apollo was there.

With dance, song and symphony, sweet they at-
tack us ;

The games now advance, like the orgies of Bacchus :

We

We bumpers of Claret and Burgundy drain,
 Or dull, stupid Port, or brisk sparkling Champain.
 The banquet's superb, but too forward I ramble,
 I perhaps might more justly have call'd it a
 scramble.

Such pushing and crouding, to get to their stations,
 All forts and conditions, all ages and nations,
 In brilliant confusion together were hurl'd,
 A conclave conven'd from all parts of the world.
 In accents it seem'd the confusion of Babel,
 A chimney-sweep sat at the head of the table,
 In group with a gypsy and ratcatcher join'd,
 While the Sophy of Persia attended behind.
 Prudence swallow'd six bumpers, and call'd them
 celestial,

The toasts were all pledg'd by a nun and a vestal:
 But the dainties at table at present invite us,
 I was seated between Alexander and Clytus,
 Till Joe Snip got tipsy, and offer'd to fight us. }
 He was held by the Devil, a Friar, and a Fairy,
 A tinker, and Cowslip, the maid of the dairy.

The

The tailor, outrageous, kept ranting and tearing,
 Till Satan most warmly rebuk'd him for swearing.
 The dullness that round us had long seem'd to
 reign,

Dispers'd by the supper and sparkling Champain.
 They shouted, they halloo'd, then catches were
 fung,

With huzzas, oaths, laughter, the atmosphere
 rung.

" More wine !" cries old Bibo, " I'll drink while
 " I'm able."

A harlequin, " stop! I'll jump over the table."

" Room there! drive away all the people that
 " screen us,

" I'll bet you that Falstaff shall out hop Silenus."

" Damn the fellow! he blunders wherever he goes!"

Roar'd a Bishop to Atlas, who trod on his toes.

I ne'er in my life saw such frolick and fun,

" I'll keep up the twaddle!" exclaim'd a fair
 nun.

" Ah, child of perdition! attend to your teacher,

" And follow my steps," said a Methodist Preacher ;

" At

“ At my foul soothing accents all troubles shall
“ cease.”

“ You’re right, friend,” (said Mars) “ I was ever
“ for peace.”

I observ’d the three Graces had join’d in a
league,

With the Miller of Mansfield, Goliah and Teague.
The last loud exclaim’d, “ tho’ I don’t see your
“ fashe,

“ I shall know your dear voice when we meet in
“ Kingsh Plashe.”

“ I fear some deep plot is hid under the hatches,”
Said Guy Vaux, who produc’d his dark lanthorn
and matches.

Then Bobidal enter’d, a clown, and Signora,
Othello, Tom Thimble, King Richard, and
Flora.

“ Oh, Equality, hail! how enchanting thy reign,

“ How widely extended thy ample domain!

“ How pleasing thy name to the ignorant mind!

“ Thy power how vast, when to Liberty join’d!

“ Thou,

“ Thou, the greatest of blessings by robbers art
“ reckon’d,

“ And to plunder art turn’d in the lapse of a
second !

“ Soon the barriers are broken ’twixt virtue and
“ vice,

“ Let thy standard be rais’d, and they’re forc’d in
“ a trice !

“ Confusion ensues, all for mischief are ripe !

“ Of which these wild orgies exhibit a type.”

This Sarcastm said, as we crouded among

The noisy, the drunken, and dissolute throng.

“ Do not you, my friend Twig, feel a little
“ remorse ?

“ Do you never attempt dissipation’s wide course

“ To stop ?” (he continued) “ would each in
“ their station,

“ When the torrent as now, overflows a great
“ nation.”

You’ll judge, in this place, I was glad from my
heart,

That prest on all sides, we were driven apart.

’Twou’d

'Twou'd tire you to read, as it wou'd me to write,
The uproar, confusion, that reign'd thro' the
night.

How gladly their senses each seem'd to resign,
To frolick and mirth, to intrigue or to wine.

Oh, Phœbus! if e'er I thy favor should ask,
'Twou'd be to assist in the difficult task,
Of describing the scene when we came to un-
mask. }

When Monarchs with sceptres, Magicians with
rods,

Nymphs, Naiad's, and Dryads, Fiends, Hero's and
Gods,

Judges, Cardinals, Jews, Muftis, Soldiers and
Sailors,

Prov'd Peers, Demireps, Impures, Citizens, Tailors,
With rogues of our own growth, and gamblers
exotic,

Combin'd to establish this empire chaotic.

I rattl'd, drank, flirted, and danc'd thro' the
night,

And saw, with regret, the first rays of the light;

Which peep'd forth to scare both celestials and
devils,

The rise of the sun, put an end to our revels.

The lamps are extinguish'd, each character
seems,

As conscious of folly to shrink from its beams.

Disorder'd their dresses, weak, pallid and faint,

Their gems robb'd of lustre, and vanish'd their
paint;

Derang'd and dishevel'd the ladies appear'd,

While the men who their spirits with bumpers
had cheer'd,

Who had pour'd out to Bacchus enormous liba-
tions,

Now shew'd the effect of their ample potations.

The place late so brilliant, the scene of our joys,

Transform'd to the den of the Demons of noise.

How they shouted and laught, 'hoop'd, quarrel'd
and halloo'd,

Or the blows, the abuse, and the mischief that
follow'd;

The

The oaths of the men, and the shrieks of the
lasses,

The furniture broken, the crash of the glasses,
And all the remains of this ev'ning's adventure,
Which ended, like feast of Lapithæ and Centuar,
From passions excited by exercise, wine,

With pleasure I here to oblivion consign.

Convinc'd, tho' it finish'd with discord and strife,
'Tis the ton, and the truest enjoyment of life.

Which, if, my friend Lloyd, you shou'd chuse to
partake,

And again, play the part of a genius, and rake,
No better example you need to desire,

To become the Town Kick, and a fellow of
fire,

Than the principal figure that danc'd down this
jig,

Who with pleasure subscribes,

Your own

TIMOTHY TWIG.

LETTER XXVI.

MRS. URBAN

TO

MRS. EDGECUMBE.

CONGRATULATIONS—REFLECTIONS—&c.

Hampstead.

IF, dear Constantia, on the present day,
When pleasing thoughts, and gay ideas play
Around your heart; when sorrow banish'd far,
Flies from the influence of your brighter star;
You should my former Sybil leaves turn o'er,
Now terror's past, and anxious care no more
Watches the gale, or chides the lingering hour:
I think you'll rev'rence my prophetic power;
Admire the clearness of my mental eyes,
And in your fancy clasp a friend so wise.

If from my lines you e'er have found relief,
Now pleasure reigns, and smiles succeed to grief;
Shou'd

Shou'd I once more my magic art resume,
 'Twou'd be to greet with joy your happy doom,
 Among your earliest friends my right to claim,
 To hail Constantia by her Henry's name ;
 And from the letters form a mystic spell,
 That fear shall curb, anxiety shall quell.
 Banish each woe that doth the mind deform,
 Disperse the sigh, and check the gath'ring storm.
 When rising from the earth at early dawn,
 Vapours and fogs, obscure the verdant lawn,
 As drives the wind, soon all our gay partérres,
 And fragrant flow'rs, are wet with nature's tears.
 While as we gaze, behold a lucid beam,
 Breaks from the East, and soon a radiant stream
 Revives each plant, and as their leaves unfold,
 The landscape smiles, bedeck'd with gems and gold.
 With such a view before my lovely friend,
 All clouds dispers'd ; in future I portend,
 That no dark tints shall thro' your scenes pervade,
 But life's gay picture, drawn with little shade,
 Shall glad your sight, its charms each day encrease,
 And all that see, admire the finish'd piece.

“ Like Constance, bless’d in parents, husband,
friends,

“ Shall not your Lucy, now her bliss extends

“ On ev’ry side, attend when want appeals,

“ And shed around the happiness she feels ?”

To Urban thus I spoke. He took my hand :

“ Dear girl ! you ever shall the pow’r command,

“ To cheer the trav’ler, drooping at our door,

“ To wipe the tear of sorrow from the poor,

“ To clothe the orphan !”---“ Bless the pow’r !”

I cried :

“ But Charles with me the pleasure shall divide ;

“ The Col’nel, too, in this shall lead the way :

“ A Sunday School shall be our first essay.

“ Oft hath he join’d with Lucy to deplore

“ The ignorance that clouds the lab’ring poor ;

“ Oft hath he wish’d to lend a friendly ray,

“ And wake their minds to learning’s brighter day,

“ To form the morals of the parent root,

“ ‘ And teach the young idea how to shoot.’

“ Benignant Trimmer ! can my feeble muse

“ To thy exalted worth a line refuse ?

“ May

- “ May thy instructive tomes their influence lend,
“ Thou parent’s, children’s, servant’s, farmer’s
friend !
“ May thy example my warm breast inspire,
“ To imitate that virtue I admire !
“ To emulate thy works, but more thy life !
“ To shine, like thee, as daughter, mother, wife !
“ To pour instruction on the infant mind,
“ And ope the Book of Knowledge to Mankind !
“ To ev’ry age dispense from learning’s springs,
“ Make children lisp the deeds of England’s Kings,
“ With reason’s dawn explain the sacred page,
“ That nursery divine, and infant sage,
“ Ere o’er their heads a dozen years have roll’d,
“ May quote the tenets which thy works unfold !”

While some, Constantia, follow fashion’s rage,
And join the triflers of this trifling age ;
While parents gaily lead their sons and daughters,
And half the world are dissipation’s martyrs ;
Retir’d within the pale which reason bounds,
Still may we live ! From the tumultuous rounds

Of folly's giddy votaries secure,
 In vain the pleasures of the times allure ;
 In vain they tempt us from the quiet scene,
 Our books, our gardens, and our meadows green ;
 Our chosen friends with whom we work or talk,
 The morning study, and the ev'ning walk :
 With joy our visits, rides, I contemplate,
 And all the bliss that crowns the middle state.
 Enjoying these, could Fate have added more ?
 Does there remain one ardent wish in store ?
 One hour that seems to move with leaden feet :
 Yes ! such the time appears till we shall meet.
 But here, my Charles anticipates delay ;
 He wings its flight, and drives its gloom away :
 And soon shall Lucy, as her wishes tend,
 In her fond arms embrace her darling friend ;
 Soon shall we view the moss-crown'd tow'rs of
 Eigne,

And Charles with Henry gratulations join.

Ah ! would your brother !---but, alas ! I fear,
 While thoughtless he pursues his wild career,
 His conduct oft excites a mother's tear.

But

But let me not your present bliss alloy,
Nor cloud the hour I dedicate to joy.
Soon may that time arrive, and flow depart,
Till when, adieu, dear sister of my heart !

LUCY URBAN.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

TIMOTHY TWIG

TO

LLOYD TREDAGAR, Esq.

CHALLENGE—DUEL—LAWSUIT—TRIAL—&c.

WITH plague and vexation quite pester'd of
late,

No spirits, nor humour to write or to prate;

With the turn of a die, fate has chose to be cruel,

Involv'd in a loss, in a law-suit, and duel:

But the latter is over, so mum to my mother,

I wish I'd as easy got clear of the other.

But take the vile list in its order revert,

My duel, tho' last, I shall mention the first.

Did I ever describe in a former epistle,

Miss Magnet, a girl who was kept by Duke
Thistle?

I think

I think I just mention'd a passage between us,
 You'll recollect surely my masquerade Venus.
 I can't say the jade had much beauty to boast,
 But spirit, life, ton, and a capital toast.
 She made her *debut* a few nights on the stage,
 Then launch'd out in style, and became all the rage.
 A coronet offer'd, she held out a week,
 At last, as the taste of the age is antique:
 And his Grace took a method that often succeeds,
 For, while others gave words, he presented her
 deeds:
 The fair one was plac'd in his num'rous collection,
 And return'd with great warmth his platonic affection.
 Now the club wish'd to jostle the peer from the
 saddle,
 Because, that wou'd be so compleatly the *twaddle*.
 So the lady was follow'd to all public places,
 And they bragg'd of her smiles, of her favors and
 graces.

But

But then (*entre nous*) you will please to observe,
 Your friend was retain'd as a *corps de reserve*;
 So she brought my Lord Harpy, Bob Smooth and
 Toupee,

And honour'd me oft at a *petit soupé*.

Nay, so kind was this fair, and her worthy dependants,

They accepted bank notes, jewels, watches and pendants,

Which they hinted were due to her beauty and merit,

And proofs of my judgment, as well as my spirit.

So far all went right, and my bliss what could equal,

Quite happy was I, but alas! mark the sequel.

While my cash flew by thousands my friends to divert,

And I'd sold many acres, which Harpy call'd dirt:

One morn as with rapture I thought of these scenes,

And Smooth just arriv'd to consult ways and means;

And into my wants had begun to enquire,

A note came, directed to---T. Twig, Esq.

The

The contents made me stare, so will you when I
state them ;

Here follows a copy, *Literatim Verbatim*.

Sir, As on every hand,

I understand,

That you've seduc'd from her station,

My worthy relation ;

That the shame fallen upon her,

Hath tarnish'd my honour ;

And, that full of reflexion,

On so vile a connexion,

The whole town doth expect,

That I should not neglect,

To wipe off a stain,

Which has given great pain,

To a race that of virtue had cause to be vain.

Therefore, as one word is as good as a dozen,

You must marry Miss Magnet, or fight with her
cousin.

I shall only just hint,

That we're flint,

To

To any other propofal,
Respecting the difpofal
Of the beautiful girl
Who's refus'd an Earl.

One hour, I tarry,
Your choice, either to fight or marry.
If the former,
You'll find a capital performer,
With fword, piftol, or bayonet,
In yours Mars Magnet.

While rage at this note, in my bofom was swelling,
Which fir'd ev'ry drop of the blood of Lewellin.
To frighten your friend, to have fomething to
brag on,

I guefs'd the design of this terrible dragon.
Tho' Smooth, more clear-fighted difcern'd in the
letter,

A nice fenfe of honour, and thought it much better,
Than hazard a combat, and risk a defeat;
To make fome advance and endeavour to treat.
On fo tender a point I refolv'd to decide,
My mind was inflam'd, and deep wounded my pride.

So

So, as Bob had refus'd in the field to attend:

Being cool as a hero, tho' warm as a friend.

Alone, I proceeded to gather the laurel,

My champion I met, and soon ended the quarrel.

He brought two companions, they wish'd me to
yield,

To Hymen, (Mars; visibly cool'd in the field,)

But resolv'd upon action, I soon took my ground,

We fir'd, and the Hero receiv'd a flight wound.

Again I advanc'd, but his friends interfer'd,

" Enough had been done, and my honour was
clear'd."

So civil each parted a different way,

And happily rid of the lady and fray,

Quite pleas'd I return'd: tho' Sam Sarcastm says.

Howe'er this transaction my youth may amaze.

My very good friends had invented the plan,

A common design, but deceiv'd in their man.

" And that tho' they may seem their vexation to
smother,

" If they give up this scheme, they'll soon think
of another."

I thought

I thought Cynic Sarcastm much too severe,
But alas ! I now find his opinion was clear.

How plagu'd have I been, not a moment of ease,
'Twixt counsel, attornies, writs, judgments, and
pleas.

One minute, a letter, which threatens a jail,
The next, an arrest, which I scarcely can bail.
Then a creditor comes who will take no denial ;
Or Brief, with the Sergeant's advise to stand trial.

“ Stand trial, you think then the cause has a face ? ”

“ Undoubtedly, Sir, a most excellent case.”

“ Friend Glib, for ten guineas will rave like a fury.

“ For the same fee Minatio, will threaten the
jury.

“ To favor your suit, little Tract shall intreat 'em,

“ Or Cædo, in action, seem ready to beat 'em.

“ The hall I attended. Mum open'd the case,

“ The Court I'll detain but a very short space.

“ The Plaintiff's oblig'd to commence this same
action,

“ For notes, and cash lent, to obtain satisfaction.

“ In

" In this stage of the business I'm not inclin'd,
" To enlarge on the case, or speak more of my
mind,

" So shall only observe, upon this issue's join'd. }

The next Sergeant Bias, with dignity rose,

" My Lord, or the Jury, will scarcely suppose,

" What plea can be offer'd, what means of defence,

" Or on what ground of equity, reason or sense,

" Or justice, law, practice, defendant relies?

" I'm sure I have studied and cannot devise,

" What the other side mean to advance; or, in
short,

" What could lead them to bring such a cause
into Court.

" My Lord Harpy, a man whom his country
reveres,

" Who does so much honour to England's new
Peers;

" And my friend, Mr. Smooth, whose worth and
good name,

" Resounds through the world from the trumpet
of fame ;

“ And between whom and Twig, this same action
is pending,

“ An action his Counsel shou’d blush at defending.

“ Did I chuse on his conduct to make a reflection,

“ I might mention the countenance, shelter, pro-
tection,

“ He receiv’d from my clients, and that on their
parts,

“ They equally open’d their purses, and hearts.

“ For a series of months, *this here* kindness was
shewn,

“ They liv’d in his house, just the same as their
own.

“ As the youth was quite raw, fond of shew and
parade ;

“ They hanfel’d the fin’ry so often display’d,

“ And that inexperience might not be abus’d,

“ Whatever was order’d, they frequently us’d,

“ To see if ’twas proper ; nay not one man or
maid,

“ But was like their own servants, except being
paid ;

“ That

“ That they left to their master. The jury from
hence

“ Will judge that Twig liv'd at a monstrous ex-
pence.

“ In fact, so he did ; and his Lordship discerning “

“ Improvement, resolv'd he shou'd pay for his
learning.

“ But how ? For just then an odd notion prevail'd,

“ That country remittances some time had fail'd.

“ And, my Lord, was assur'd, by some friends
that were trusty,

“ That Mother was dumb, and that Uncle was
crusty.

“ To comply with demands at that time did not
suit her,

“ No more she wou'd write, he wou'd hear from
his Tutor.

“ Now mark the ingrate ! there he stands, in that
place,

“ Whom your verdict will cover with shame and
disgrace.

“ When he'd tried to raise money from Agents,
Jews, Cits,

“ And declar'd himself just at the end of his wits.

“ The truth I assert, you may firmly rely on't,

* “ My friend, and my noble, my much injur'd client,

“ Step'd in and reliev'd him; but how? you will ask:

“ To dwell on such virtue's my fortunate task:

“ They took mortgages, bonds, post obits, re-
versions,

“ And tho' there has been on their conduct asper-
sions:

“ And I know t'other side have set up a pretence,

“ That my Lord, Smooth and Co. run him into
expence;

“ And when to the height of his folly they'd
strain'd him,

“ They by gaming and agents perpetually drain'd
him.

“ When they'd long us'd his house, table, horses,
and carriage,

“ And fought with a cast-off to fright him to
marriage.

“ On

“ On fraudulent notes, they erected this suit;

“ This torrent of slander I shall not refute.

“ No better proof’s wanting to establish the purity

“ Of my clients, than taking such slender security,

“ For your Lordship must know, ’tis allow’d on all
hands,

“ That one-third of the value they lent on the
lands.

“ With respect to the other, I see by my brief,

“ That a judgment, a bond, and a warrant’s the
chief.

“ To sum up the whole then as little delighting,

“ To use many words, I’ll just prove the hand-
writing,

“ And put in the notes, and I firmly rely,

“ That the jury will not wish to hear me reply.”

How much was your friend thro’ this speech on
the fret,

Their witnesses came and establish’d the debt.

My advocates flourish’d a very short space,

And then gave it up as a desperate case.

I found my attorney had told me a fib,
 For the quietest man in the Court was young
 Glib.

Minatio was temp'rate, and voluble Tract,
 Just observ'd, that with words there's no bearing
 down fact.

Even Cædo, the turbulent, boist'rous and rough,
 Sat compos'd as the Judge, and like him, taking
 snuff.

By verdict for plaintiff, my cause was quite
 lost,

And Brief's just arriv'd with a long bill of cost,
 My creditors dunning on every side,
 My housekeeping blown up, and humbl'd my
 pride!

Deceiv'd, robb'd, and cheated, by servants and
 friends;

No luck at the table to make me amends.

The finger of scorn points me out for disgrace,
 I'm sick to the heart of this villianous place,
 Tho' asham'd in the country of shewing my face. }

What

What remains for your friend? or what course
shall I take?

Surrounded, as you've seen a bull at the stake:
Before and behind, when fierce mastiffs assail him,
He resists all he can, till his spirits quite fail him.
Till worried on all sides, he yields up his breath,
While the monsters around him shout loud at his
death.

Excuse me, dear Lloyd, that in vile screech owl
strain,

I grumble at fate, and of fortune complain.
That with folly, imprudence, and harrassing tales,
I disturb your retreat in the mountains of Wales:
Perhaps my exploits, are there, pretty well known,
And I'm saddled with faults that are none of my
own.

I've never enquir'd of friends in the City,
Nor wrote to my Sister, nor heard from Miss
Kitty.

Aloof I shall keep, nor shall any deride
Your friend, who has parted with all but his
pride.

To bend to relations this heart is too big,
While it beats in the breast of

Your

TIMOTHY TWIG.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXVIII.

MISS KITTY TONTINE

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE SEDLEY.

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

NOT that I am vex'd,

Or care one fingle fig :

No, no, I'm not at all perplex'd,

Tho' quite forfook by Twig.

Is he in town, or country, fay ?

For I've not feen his face,

E'er fince I fpent that happy day,

With you, in Portland Place.

Some think that his affairs go wrong,

At which I do not wonder,

I mufe his splendour lafts fo long,

Where all that pleafe may plunder.

Of

Of Lucy I have times enquir'd,
 Much more than half a dozen,
 But all the answer that transpir'd,
 Was, " ah, my thoughtless Cousin !"
 His Sister very lately wrote,
 By which, alas, I see !
 Tho' anxious and confus'd the note,
 She knows as much as me.
 What shall I do ? not that I care,
 If this suspense was over,
 For me, who will his heart may share,
 I well can spare a lover.
 But somehow, tho' quite thoughtless, wild,
 His chat had such a power,
 It bald-pate, limping time beguil'd,
 Of many a heavy hour.
 Ah ! heavy hours are plenty now,
 I'm vex'd, and can't tell why,
 No more to think of him I vow,
 And seal it with a sigh.
 Then too, my father often teizes,
 And bids me wear the willow,

But,

But, that his jokes poor Kate displeases,
 I only tell my pillow.
 Suspense, the very thing I hate,
 Encreases more and more,
 Tho' disinterested in his fate,
 His troubles I deplore.
 Therefore, dear Charlotte, lovely friend,
 Could you for me enquire?
 Some one who business might pretend,
 Would ask at your desire.
 But keep your Cath'rine out of sight,
 Contrive some means or other,
 On this dark myst'ry throw a light,
 Some friend---perhaps your Brother;
 May something learn of his distress,
 (But keep a wary distance)
 My feelings how can I express,
 Ah, could I lend assistance!
 Much wou'd I do (for friendship's sake)
 To blunt misfortune's dart,
 At its effects on him I quake,
 'Twill peirce his gen'rous heart.

Excuse

Excuse, dear girl, my rambling pen,
I scarce know what I write,
I'm plagu'd and vex'd, and as to men,
I scarce can bear their sight.
To company I sometimes fly,
And overact the chearful,
I laugh, when I could sooner cry,
They'll find me out, I'm fearful.
Therefore, dear Charlotte, quickly send
An answer to this letter,
Excuse the blunders of your friend,
When well I'll write a better.

C. TONTINE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

DR. DENNYS

TO

TIMOTHY TWIG, Esq.

QUOTATION—ANIMADVERSION—CONSOLATION.

Eigne. ***

*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
(Ut prisca gens mortalium)
Paterna rura bobus excercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore.*

HOR. Epod. 2.

FREQUENT, dear Pupil, hath my age observ'd,
That little pity is by him deserv'd,
Who quits domestic scenes, and rural quiet,
And leaves all friends, except the friends of riot,
Who health, youth, sense, and fortune melts away,
In folly spends, with vice concludes the day.
When from the gaming club amusement's fought,
Or men resolve with wine to banish thought:

When

When pleasures are pursu'd thro' every station,
 And fashion's vot'ries rush on dissipation,
 I've ever thought their virtues far had flown,
 And that destruction mark'd them for her own.
 The objects of desire to headstrong youth,
 They must at last confess, who speak the truth,
 That their amours, their bottle, and their dice,
 Riot, and all the family of vice ;
 Howe'er they charm, when they their reign com-
 mence,

Soon sicken on the mind, and pall the sense.
 To you, believe me, I should not have wrote,
 But that I hope, no longer you devote,
 To frivolous pursuits your precious hours,
 Or with them blunt your reason's keener powers :
 Those pow'rs that oft your Tutor hath admir'd,
 Reflect, " where much is given, there's much
 requir'd."

And now perhaps the moment is arriv'd,
 For sure misfortunes are by fate contriv'd,
 To call our virtues forth ; to tax the mind,
 To rouse our dormant courage ; which combin'd

With

(III)

With piety, will blunt affliction's dart,
And make each shaft fall pointless on the heart.
Oh, my dear Pupil! think not I intend,
To probe your wounds; a sympathizing friend
In this discern. A friend, who in his thoughts,
Hath balanc'd oft your virtues, 'gainst your faults.
Who in your great good-nature saw profusion,
Who fear'd that licence would succeed seclusion:
Whose wishes therefore, and whose anxious cares,
Were, thro' the series of preceding years,
To paint the blessings of your happy lot,
The rural beauties of this charming spot.
Repress the passions glowing in your breast,
The strong desire for pleasures unpossess'd,
That often leads where danger marks the way,
And renders gen'rous youth an easy prey,
To those who ready stand with eager care,
To lime the bush, and spread th' insidious snare.
Have I succeeded? No! the reason why,
Too often from my bosom draws a sigh.
But of the past no more. To change the scene,
Suppose the years of absence ne'er had been:

Let

Let better prospects from this smiling morn,
 An happier æra rising with the dawn,
 Gild each succeeding day. My pleasing task
 Is, in the name of all your friends to ask
 Your quick return: they all their arms extend,
 To embrace their Son, their Brother, and their
 friend.

They all with ardour join with me to pray,
 That no false pride may now prolong your stay.
 If your affairs require advice, assistance,
 No longer from them keep at haughty distance.
 To gentle Lucy open all your heart,
 Urban will act a more than brother's part.
 Your Uncle, thro' his lovely daughter's hands,
 With all the tenderness the case demands,
 Will for your future happiness provide;
 And while he sooths your woes, respect your
 pride.

For me, you know it is my constant rule,
 To love the pupil from affliction's school.
 We all have faults, have much to be forgiven,
 Mercy, the darling attribute of Heaven,

Thro'

Thro' all the works of providence prevails,
 That being, who in his impartial scales,
 Weighs all our acts, oft gives the wicked time,
 By penitence, to wash away each crime.
 And shall not we another's faults excuse?
 Shall we that mercy which we ask, refuse?
 Forbid it, pity! therefore rest secure,
 You ne'er the slightest whisper shall endure.
 Then come, my friend, relieve our anxious fears,
 And dry a Mother's and a Sister's tears.
Redire ad bonam frugem, leave the town,
 And with it leave your cares, to us come down.
 To wish your presence all acquaintance join,
 And long with me to welcome you to Eigne.

C. DENNYS.

LETTER XXX.

TIMOTHY TWIG

TO

LLOYD TREDAGAR, Esq.

REFLECTION—ENTREATY—DRINKING—GAMING.

WHEN last I wrote to you, my worthy friend
Lloyd,
And gave you some hints how my time was em-
ploy'd,
With plagues and vexation, my mind was distress'd,
My brain set a madding, my spirits oppress'd.
A dupe to vile sharpers, a martyr to pride,
Lost to fortune, a mark for the town to deride.
Yet now I consider, however unpleasant
My state at that time, it was bliss to the present.
Oh, Lloyd! shall I tell you my folly's extent,
How the loss of last night I shall ever repent;
How

How the traitors around me have compass'd their
end,

And that bankrupt in every thing is your friend.

Reflecting I sat, on reform my thoughts center'd,

Yester-noon, when Dick Deal and Sir Plausible
enter'd; -

" Hey day! What, friend Twig caught repenting
your sins!

" I should judge by that face, you and Gibbet
were twins:

" You look as if sentenc'd to dangle to-morrow!

" Come, cheer up thy spirits, thou mortal of
forrow.

" Hang care: with a bumper we'll wash away
evils,

" And drown in an ocean of wine these blue
devils."

To Dick I replied: " that I chose all alone

" To remain. That my sorrows and cares were
my own.

“ That the present intrusion I did not expect ;

“ That I’d letters to write ; that I chose to reflect.”

“ Reflect, my friend Twig ! the worst thing in life.”

(Sir Plausible said) “ when I buried my wife,

“ For fortune, for love and affection long shewn,

“ I thought ’twou’d be decent one ev’ning alone,

“ In weeping and wailing, at least to remain :

“ How such a mad whim could e’er enter my brain,

“ I’ve often admir’d ! such a terrible bore !

“ If I outlive a dozen, I’ll do so no more.

“ In your state of mind, we must therefore insist,

“ That our kind supplications you will not resist,

“ One bottle, at least, sure that can’t be a crime,

“ At the old place ; all friends ; leave us at your own time.”

You often have thought, Lloyd, my conduct absurd,

For hating to mention the negative word.

In this instance it prov'd so, and poison'd the
chalice,

Fill'd by fraud, and presented by folly and malice;
Like the Circean cup, which turn'd men into
swine,

Tho' the Grecian's companions were sages to
mine.

When I enter'd, they order'd each man to his
station,

And push'd round the bottles in quick circulation.
They brandish'd their glasses; and what made me
stare,

By every voice I was call'd to the chair.

Egyptian Bacchus, ah! sure thy vile orgies,
From that country of plagues were sent forth as
scourges.

The fall of the arts, war, and learning's decrease,
We may date from their rushing on elegant Greece.
On the nations around, like a pest they were
hurl'd,

To drive back refinement, distemper the world.

Rever'd to all time be the Scythian name !
 They ne'er wou'd allow drunken Bacchus's claim
 To honours divine ; or subscribe to their rules,
 Who ador'd him that made people madmen or
 fools.

Of our meeting, the uproar I ne'er shall forget;
 For nonsense and noise, how distinguish'd the set :
 How obscenity, swearing, all licence of tongue,
 Flew around, while they quarrel'd, or shouted, or
 sing.

“ The toast, Mr. Twig; come, a man and a lass,
 “ In a bumper, huzza ! now replenish the glass ;
 “ Silence, call silence : Zounds, nobody hears ;
 “ The Man of the People, with three times three
 cheers !

“ Huzza ! again lads ! thus we drive away care,
 “ A toast and a song I demand from the chair.
 “ Bravo ! bravo ! encore ! that was charming,
 divine !

“ Bumpers ! fill again boys ! zounds, waiter, more
 wine !

“ More

“ More wine, you damn’d scoundrel ! with rage I
shall burst !

“ Would you let the whole company perish with
thirst ? ”

Thus in blasphemy, riot, abuse, and a fray,
My worthy companions concluded the day.
Of the night, shall I muster the courage to tell,
From my good resolutions how sudden I fell.
Oh ! could I for ever draw o’er it a curtain ;
But my loss is too recent, my ruin too certain :
Left with Deal, Snare, and Plausible, fluster’d and
heated,

I wish’d to go home, and had nearly retreated.

“ What, Twig, at this hour would you try to
abscond ?

“ To the club, my brave boy ! take a thousand
on bond.

“ I know Madam Fortune is none of your
friends,

“ But believe me, to-night she will make you
amends.

“ My dear fellow, you know that your int'rest is mine.”

(This Sir Plausible said.) “ You have only to sign.

“ I'm sure in this matter I merit your thanks.

“ Here, Dick has the bond, Snare will fill up the blanks.

“ Well done, my lad, sign it, your hand is quite steady ;

“ Here's five hundred down, as a part of the ready :

“ Apply to your friend thus, whenever you need ;

“ There, hold, 'tis delivered as your act and deed :

“ Your wants by this means from the world you conceal ;

“ Here, witness it, Samuel Snare, Richard Deal.

“ No longer let thought ever enter your mazzard,

“ My carriage is come, so now all hands to hazard.”

Now the ev'ning is o'er, and dispers'd the delusion,

Can I bear to reflect on the scene of confusion ?

Can I ever wipe off from my honour the stain ?

“ Here, Spitfire a thousand ! come, seven's the main !”

Was

Was the cry when I enter'd. The table suppose,
Surrounded with gamesters, and spread with rouleaus.

Sir Plausible challeng'd your friend in a trice :

" Come, Twig, a cool hundred, boy, rattle your
dice ;

" Six to all, five to fix, now at all again :

" Nine to eight, the stake's mine ; then Sir, seven's
the main."

Attack'd thus on all sides, I grew warm with play,
And cry'd, " Double your stakes, Sir, and rattle
away.

" Five to eight, at all, fix, seven, the world is my
own.

" Seven," " Eight," " There, distraction ! five
hundred has flown :

" Again I will fet you, again take my chance.

" Two," " Six," " Seven," Lost, Sir !" Now
please to advance,

Says Loader and Tally. " Again, the world's mine !"

" 'Tis false, Sir, but eight !" " Sir, I'll swear it
was nine !"

What

What an uproar ensu'd ! Swords out in a trice ;
Chairs brandish'd ; pots, candlesticks, boxes, and
dice,

Hurl'd about in confusion ! " You, Slam, I defy !

" You're a pickpocket ! cheat !" " Captain Spider,
you lie !"

" Villain ! rascal ! blunderbuss, pistol, or sword,

" To-morrow !" " To-night, Sir ; I'll not take
your word !"

" This instant !" " Here's pistols ; now, Sir, take
your distance."

" Knock them down if they strive to make any
resistance,"

The company cry'd. The confusion that follow'd,
How the lights were extinguish'd, how they swore,
'hoop'd and halloo'd,

How the tables were turn'd while some under them
lay,

Or how constables rush'd in and parted the fray,
To describe in rude numbers I shall not pretend,
As they'd equally weary yourself and your friend.

When

When the riot was quell'd, we to gaming return'd,
And to make up my losses I eagerly burn'd.

But, alas! though I frequent on Plausible drew,
And borrow'd of Snare, and of Shadrack the Jew,
Either fortune prov'd cross, or a dupe to the set,
The longer I play'd I got deeper in debt.

This curs'd ev'ning's loss to five thousand amounts,
And they've call'd here this morning to settle accounts.

Dupe! idiot! fool! dolt! where now is thy pride,
Thy courted opinion, which spoke to decide?

Who, wrap'd in conceit, hath been render'd a prize
To fellows whose parts you was us'd to despise;

Who with flatt'ry and praise my strong passions in-
flaming,

With women, wine, splendor, with drinking and
gaming,

While above taking counsel my ardour to check,
Forsaken by friends, and my fortune a wreck:

If I now was inclin'd, 'tis too late to reform,
Beat about like a bark in the midst of a storm.

Nor

Nor will reason assist me to weather this shock,
 Without rudder or compass, in sight of a rock.
 With waves washing o'er, and ill wind that ne'er
 ceases,
 Shall my once gaudy vessel be soon dash'd to pieces.

Yet amidst this distress some small comfort is mine,
 To have found out a friend in an humbler line.
 This morn I came home in a state of distraction,
 Which arose from the thoughts of the recent trans-
 action,

When one moment raving, the next with a groan,
 I order'd my servant to leave me alone.

"I can't leave you thus, Sir." "How, rascal! be-
 gone!

"Dispute my commands!" "Do but hear your
 old John:

"Drive me not from your sight; my assistance you
 lack:

"Think I've borne you in arms, you have rode on
 my back!

"And

“ And though early distresses and sorrows o’ertake
ye,

“ Believe me, here’s one that will never forsake ye !”

“ Leave the room, Sir, this instant ; henceforth
know your distance !”

“ Not a step, till permitted to offer assistance :

“ Your father, whose name I shall ever revere,

“ Whose memory often draws from me a tear ;

“ Your mother, whose goodness and charity’s found

“ A blessing that spreads the whole neighbourhood
round,

“ Have ever consider’d old John as a friend,

“ Though to nothing but plain common sense I
pretend ;

“ And to forward my int’rest, so much was their
care,

“ That I long have been rich, and can very well
spare

“ Two hundred at present : you’ll see by that book,

“ That to further supplies you may readily look.

“ God forbid I should suffer the present disaster,

“ The son of my much-honour’d lady and master

“ To

“ To crush to the ground ! I’ve more when that’s
gone :

“ To work or beg for you, would please your old
John.”

Oh ! Lloyd, you’ll believe me, my spirits must fail,
As I let him run on to the end of his tale.

Surpris’d at his speech, and with sorrow oppress’d,
I threw my arms round him, and leant on his breast.

To speak I essay’d, for to quiet his fears ;

In vain, till reliev’d by a torrent of tears,

Could I utter my thanks, or his offer refuse,

Which you will suppose I resolv’d not to use ;

Tho’ of his behaviour there’s nought can disserve

From my grateful heart the remembrance for ever.

For the present, friend Lloyd, for the sake of my
peace,

Between you and I correspondence must cease.

No more you’ll hear from me, at least for some time.

Can pride, in this instance, be reckon’d a crime ?

No, surely. My heart’s for a moment elate ;

Tho’ press’d by misfortunes, that still keeps its state.

I must

I must fly from a place where all looks are unpleasant,
 Go abroad, to the Indies ; uncertain at present,
 What course I shall take, or which way I shall smother
 My feelings. Oh ! Lloyd ! to my sister and mother
 My absence you'll soften, diminish their care,
 Nor tell them how near to the brink of despair
 Is their brother and son, who, for madness and shame,
 Cannot bear to subscribe to this scrawl

HIS VILE NAME.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

JOHN HARROW

TO

HENRY EDGE CUMBE, Esq.

GLENDWYR, WALES.

HONOUR'D SIR,

THO' cut to the heart, I scarce know what I
write,

Yet your goodness will pardon the freedom,
With which an old man doth his sorrows recite;
Ah! how troubled you'll be when you read
'um.

Alas! of this hour I've long been afraid;

My poor Master! he's certainly undone;
What I've dreaded is come: ah! I often have said,
A vile terrible place is this London!

What

What to do I don't know, for we're all gone to
pieces.

How I pity the Squire in his fits!

My fears for his head ev'ry moment increases,

For I think he'll go out of his wits.

So harrafs'd has he been, with sharpers and
Peers,

Executions, writs, judgments and laws,

That his brain seems quite turn'd; and, I write it
in tears,

He threatens to go to the wars.

To the wars! he keeps crying; this moment I'm
gone,

Or to India, 'tis all one to me.

Alas, Sir! I answer'd, "What! leave your old
"John?"

For I ne'er could abide the salt sea.

"Besides, who would think, Sir, of going abroad,

"Or 'mongst Indians and Cannibals roam,

"Or would stand to be shot at by Frenchmen---

Oh, Lord!

"That in England had got a good home?"

Would you, Sir, but try to persuade him to stay,
 Or procure from good Madam a line :
 I think he with sorrow reflects on the day,
 When we left our own peaceable Eigne.
 But tho' prest by misfortunes, his spirit's so great,
 That each hour I dread some disaster :
 When he raves that his follies have sunk his
 estate,
 Ah, how much do I pity my Master !
 The friends of his sunshine on all sides have
 flown,
 Their falsehood I ne'er could endure,
 Those his fortune supported, now leave him
 alone,
 For none will e'er flatter the poor.
 The Sparks of this town, for to serve their own
 ends,
 The spendthrift on all sides affails;
 Hollow bosoms they are : would you seek for true
 friends,
 You must go to the mountains of Wales.

If

If the Squire would fly to that much belov'd
spot,

Sure his losses cannot be so great,
But with Madam's and other assistance, I wot,
His affairs might there soon be made strait.
For Heaven's sake, Sir, either come, or else
write,

He cannot be left in this way:
I declare that in terror I'm kept day and night ;
Therefore send us some comfort, I pray.
Of you he has always with tenderneſs ſpoke,
His ſiſter he lov'd as his life :
Alas ! when ſhe hears her poor brother's ſo broke,
How 'twill vex your good ami'ble wife !
At preſent, for fear, from the houſe he can't ſtir,
So you'll judge that his fortune is narrow ;
But, perhaps he'll accept from yourſelf, Honour'd
Sir,
What he's often refus'd

From

JOHN HARROW.

LETTER XXXII.

HENRY EDGECUMBE, Esq.

TO

MRS. EDGECUMBE.

Hampstead.

LET this inform my anxious love,
That Henry hath already strove,
To sooth his friend's distress :
To blunt the poignant shaft of woe,
And from his heart avert the blow,
I hope with some success.
From you can I conceal the truth ?
No ! this unhappy, headstrong youth,
Hath bought experience dear :
Repentance now consumes his day,
He mourns the dire effects of play,
And all his wild career.

“ Dup'd

“ Dup’d, laught at, plunder’d!” oft he cries;

“ A prey to fellows I dispise!”

“ With rage my senses glow;

“ Sure madness will possess my mind,

“ I there explain’d the fable find,

“ Of Æsop’s Fox and Crow.”

Tho’ strip’d of every thing beside,

He still retains his wonted pride:

From faithful John I learn,

That just as I arriv’d, he’d plan’d

To leave his friends and native land,

Ah! never to return.

Thank Heaven, that this severe decree

Is broke! when next I Constance see,

Her brother I’ll restore;

Nor shall the past e’er cause regret,

Releas’d from sharpeners, duns, and debt,

I hope his cares are o’er.

Should here the female passion reign,

And you desire me to explain,

How this has been effected;

I mean not secrets to betray,
 His uncle, Urban, led the way,
 Nor was his pride neglected.
 Inform me, love, what humour strange
 Prompts men, when their affairs derange,
 To grow supine and idle?
 Fearing their pleasure to disturb,
 They yield the rein, relax the curb,
 That should their passions bridle.
 You'll say, perhaps, they set out wrong
 Who join the dissipated throng
 That crowd the flow'ry way:
 Their hearts to luxury resign'd,
 Their senses lull'd, their optics blind,
 At every step they stray;
 Till some unlucky turn of fate,
 Informs them of their wretched state;
 Involv'd in terror, trouble,
 The hour arrives of thought and care,
 Their pleasures vanish into air,
 Their joys appear a bubble.

This

This picture faintly doth exprefs,
Our late unhappy Tim's diftrefs;

Reliev'd from dire oppreffion,
May duty now its pow'r affert,
Regain its empire in his heart,
And ever keep poffeffion!

Could I attempt, in feeble lays,
To add a word to Lucy's praife,

Perhaps I fhould endeavour,
In this concern to ftate her fhare,
Admire her delicacy, care,

Which fhone more bright than ever.
But why conceal my thoughts from Con?
Hath not bleft Hymen made us one,

In happinefs conjoin'd?
And fhall not Henry repofe,
In thy dear bofom, joys or woes,

As they impreff his mind?
I muft confefs, when firft I wrote,
I meant to have fuppreff'd a note,
Tho' given me by your brother:

'Tis

'Tis here inclos'd; and at first view,
 You'll see that Lucy some way knew,
 What he long wish'd to smother.
 Her trembling heart, by friendship warm'd,
 For one she pity'd, lov'd, alarm'd,
 Her influence she essay'd;
 Could Urban or her fire resist?
 Or even the Col'nel long persist,
 When lovely Lucy pray'd?
 To end his troubles they'd contriv'd,
 Just at the time when I arriv'd,
 Which their resolve confirms;
 We now prepar'd with duns to treat,
 The gambling squadron we defeat,
 They all are brought to terms.
 We soon shall leave this noisy place,
 This scene of folly and disgrace,
 And quickly hope to join
 (Where these affairs shall leave no traces)
 That lovely group of smiling faces,
 Which oft embellish Eigne,

I need

I need not say that you, my dear,
Will gladly in those scenes appear,
And gild your native feat ;
Your nurs'ry cares are no excuse,
Let this one line my love induce,
We shall the sooner meet.

HENRY EDGECUMBE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

MRS. URBAN

TO

TIMOTHY TWIG, Esq.

INCLOSÉD IN THE PRECEDING.

IF, dearest Coz, my guardian Sylph says true,
It must appear no novelty to you,
Who Ladies' favours so profusely share,
To meet a letter from a hand call'd fair.
Tho' unannounc'd I to your presence press,
And steal upon your time with this address;
Yet I must write my anxious thoughts; nay
more,
The whispers of the Sylph I nam'd before.
Late busy'd in a retrospective view
Of former hours, when wing'd with sports they
flew,

My

My thoughts recurr'd to Eigne, each chearful
haunt,

Your lovely Sifter, and mine honour'd Aunt,
And sprightly Tim; nor need I blush at truth,
My School Days' Beau, the friend of early
youth:

I deem'd that Lucy little care deserves;
The time has been when we had few reserves.
When we from kindred love oft fought relief,
And shar'd each other's joy, each other's grief:
Nay, to maturer years when age extends,
We, youthful flirts, became endearing friends,
Till candour dwindled into grave respect,
Then compliment succeeds, and, last, neglect.
Oft has my Charles with tenderness remark'd,
That since in Hymen's vessel we've embark'd,
Twelve months, and more, it grieves him much
to say,

You've not at Hampstead pass'd a single day;
But, quick as if contagion spread our walls,
Retir'd from forc'd inquiries, formal calls.

While

While thoughts like these impress'd my mind with
gloom,

A light celestial seem'd to fill the room,
The Sylph appear'd, disconsolate her air,
Disorder'd drap'ry, and dishevel'd hair :
I started at her sight ! a heartfelt glow,
And falling tear, anticipated woe.

She thus began :---“ It grieves me much to
find,

“ From the ideas passing o'er your mind,

“ Your thoughts already doth too well inform

“ Your anxious heart, that soon a gath'ring
storm,

“ Will o'er your kinsman's head its clouds im-
pend,

“ And crush with grief your early valu'd friend,

“ Let him become your speediest, tend'rest
care.”

This said, she groan'd, and vanish'd into air.

While I present you thus with fiction's glass,
And guess what has, or what *may* come to pass.

If

If thro' the medium you the truth discern,
That truth which gives your anxious friends
concern,

Think that at times we all may want assistance,
That gen'rous minds should never keep such
distance.

My Charles attends whenever you require :
I write next line directed by my Sire;
He says all will combine to do their parts,
You may command our purses, houses, hearts.

I must present another Lady's duty
To you, who are a connoisseur in beauty :
Therefore I wish you would to us repair ;
Here, to receive you, waits another fair,
Who would her cousin hail, if she could speak,
But tho' her mother, in expressions weak,
To what she feels, requests your kind attendance,
That you'll return with Urban's her dependence.

If you this favour should to us refuse,
And when a matron and a maiden sue,

Should

Should cruel prove, to Sister and to Aunt,
Shall Lucy write, that Tim is ungallant?

LUCY URBAN.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

MRS. EDGECUMBE

TO

MRS. URBAN.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WHICH DOES NOT APPEAR.

Glendwyr.

YOUR guess, dear Lucy, proves most true,
That I should not delay,
My fervent thanks, so much your due,
For this most happy day.
My grateful heart would here enlarge
On all our obligations ;
But that your kind, your recent charge,
Suspends such dissertations.
Therefore, for once and all, accept,
From me and from my mother,
From kindred souls that long had wept,
For thoughtless son and brother,

Our

Should cruel prove, to Sister and to Aunt,
Shall Lucy write, that Tim is ungallant?

LUCY URBAN.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

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Therefore, for once and all, accept,
From me and from my mother,
From kindred souls that long had wept,
For thoughtless son and brother,

Our

Our kindest, tenderest regards,
 For your benignant care :
 May all the blifs that Heaven awards
 The good, be Lucy's share !
 How is the prodigal employ'd
 (You ask) ſince his return ?
 That vanity ſeems quite deſtroy'd,
 With pleaſure you will learn.
 That childiſh vanity, I mean,
 Which dotes on dreſs and faſhion,
 That tonniſh taſte we've often ſeen,
 My brother's darling paſſion.
 Tho' oft that folly we deride,
 And mourn its bad effects,
 Some good reſults from proper pride,
 It ſometimes ruin checks.
 It is, you know, as poets ſay,
 " 'Mongſt us of mortal calling,
 " What ſaves upon life's ſlipp'ry way
 " Both ſexes oft from falling."
 Exemplary is Tim's conduct now,
 To parent, ſiſter, friends ;

Their

Their follies who could disallow,
 That make such large amends ?
 The heaving sigh, conceal'd distress,
 In him excites my pity ;
 His grief I scarcely can express,
 Whene'er I mention Kitty.
 He lately said, " Dear Constance, hold ;
 " After such wild behaviour,
 " I must no more by you be told,
 " I can deserve her favour.
 " If, when in affluence, with neglect
 " I treated Kitty's charms,
 " Can I suppose she won't reject
 " A beggar from her arms ?"
 Thus far, dear Lucy, I disclose,
 Our present humbled state ;
 From your fair neighbour, I suppose,
 You guess my Brother's fate.
 My nurs'ry cares I interrupt,
 I've little wish to rhyme ;
 Therefore, I must conclude abrupt,
 And leave the rest to time.

LETTER XXXV.

MRS. URBAN

TO

MRS. EDGECUMBE,

AT GLENDWYR.

CONCLUSION.

WHAT shall her friend to dear Constantia say?
Again must Lucy chide your long delay.
I had resolv'd not to have wrote a line
To you, and only sent a note to Eigne;
To have suppress'd my friendship, love, regard,
And squeez'd my thoughts to complimentary card:
But here your letter came, and made your peace;
Your pardon's granted, my resentments cease.
It gives, you will believe, my bosom pain,
To cloud your present bliss with doleful strain:
Your brighter tints with sombre pencil blend;
Nor could aught force me but a mourning friend.

On

On your benignant heart will grief intrude,
 When I shall to the mourner's name allude,
 And say 'tis Kitty. O'er her parent's bier,
 She sheds the heartfelt, pungent, filial tear.
 Sudden his fate ! he died before relief
 Could reach the house ; you'll judge his daughter's
 grief.

My father, Urban, his affairs attend,
 And Cath'rine soon at Hampstead joins your friend.
 There be it my fond task to sooth her woe,
 To dry her tears ; how will my bosom glow,
 When by my care she shall again resume
 Her playful smiles, when sorrow's present gloom,
 Touch'd by time's lenient hand, far backward flies,
 When drops no longer cloud her radiant eyes,
 And winds disperse the meliorated sighs !
 While we, Constantia, loss of friends deplore,
 And, shudd'ring, turn fate's mystic volume o'er ;
 While we observe how oft life's devious way
 Is strewn'd with thorns ; how many go astray ;
 How those that pleasure, health and fortune shar'd,
 Are snatch'd away, unwarn'd, and unprepar'd ;

Let

Let us continue with an humble mind,
 Meek, pious, placid, tremblingly resign'd;
 To think our greatest mortal space a span,
 And lengthen it with all the good we can!

F I N I S .

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